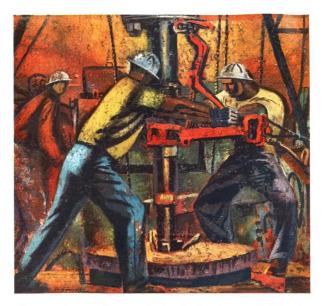
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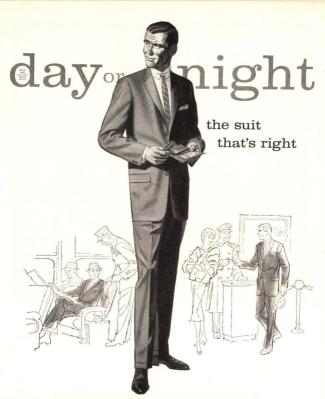
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LETTERS

The Pope's Music

SIR:
THIS YEAR MY HUSBAND HAD THE GREAT
HONOR TO CONDUCT A SPECIAL CONCRET IN THE
VATICAN, OFFERED TO THE POPE BY THE HALIAN RADIO-TV. THE POPE CHOSE THE MUSIC HE
LOVED MOST, INCLUDING BETHOVEN'S FIRST
SYMPHONY, HE REQUESTED TO HEAR THIS SYMPHONY JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH.

MRS, ARTUR RODZINSKI

Two Sides of an Island

It wish to express my complete agreement with the views on Quemoy and Mastus as expressed by Dulles and Nixon [Oct. 6].

It must be remembered that our State Department today is faced with the task of trying to put out the fire started by the state of the property of th

EDGAR W. RIEBE

the list? Metuchen, N.J

The people of this country were fooled once too often by Vice President Nixon and his blatant opportunism, but they can not be fooled all the time—as testified by the "weight of the mail."

IRENE TRIVAS
New York City

Sir. Your Oct. 6 "A Stand on Principle" was most absurd. When you try to rationalize that Mr. Dulles is right, then I think it it time something should be said about principles. Why is it, if you believe in the American Way of Life (I presume that this is yonony-Chiang? If you recognize Communist Russia's government, why not recognize Communist Chiang is government, why not recognize Communist Chiang is government, who may be considered to the control of the control

J. Cameron Brown

Virden, Man

The cries of public and press remind me of the mewling of babies. I refuse to believe that we as a nation have become so yellow, or so ignorant of what Communism has in store for us,

JAMES S. BURDETT

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Pius XII & Rodzinski

More About the Murrays

Sir:

The Oct. 6 article about some dissatisfied Arthur Murray students implies that these for the control of the philadelphia studio. The value we have received is well worth what it has cost; the interest it has given us in self-eigension. The objectives and the challenge to our abilities mention of the control of the

ROBSON L. GREER St. Davids, Pa.

40

Sir:
Your article on the Arthur Murray dance studios beautifully blasts the Murrays and their methods. The undersigned, finding himself in drastic financial straits, found it necessary a few years back to work for Kathry and Arthur's principal competitor. Same story but different cast. I was on the other end and taught the wealthy ladies. Shall I show you my Sales Manual?

NOR ROBERTS

New York City

You mentioned in your Oct. 13 issue that Gloria, wife of Novelist James (Some Came

and new address (with zone number if any) allow three weeks for change-over. Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.V.

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Ther Ise, also publishes Lists, FORTUNE, SPORTE
LLESTRATED, ARCHITECTURA, FREEDRAM IN
FORTUNE AND ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF THE STAT

Volume LXXII Number 27 Running) Jones, was a onetime stand-in for Marilyn Monroe. Also, from 1949 to 1951 she was an Arthur Murray teacher. Mrs. Arthur Murray

New York City

A Dime for the Rock

Sour article on Nelson Rockefeller (Oct. 61) prompts this letter. When I was a little girl in Gleveland, my mother was calling on Grandpa John D's neighbor and, over the back fence, told John D. that my birthday was the same day as his, July 8. With no heistation, he reached in his pocket and handed my mother the enclosed dime. I now want to return it to Grandson Nelson for his campaign fund, and wish him lack and

(Mrs.) Myrtle R. Greenwald Los Angeles

Thanks

Sir:

I'm very grateful for your story [on the new Esquire—Oct. 6]. I imagine you get enough people squawking about things and that it might be a nice change of pace to get a thank you instead. Anyway J do, because I certainly was worried about the quotes and the names and the prices, etc., and you very evidently did an extremely good job of getting the quirks straightened out.

ARNOLD GINGRICH Publisher

Esquire Magazine New York City

Sir: To hell with modern liberals like Editor Gingrich, Give me the old Esquire.

RICHARD COTTON
Portsmouth, Va.

Thanks Again

Sir.

Should anyone ever question the influence of Thus, please have them check Beverly Hills post office regarding the countless manueripts and novels pouring into my office daily as a result of your article in Snow Businsss [Oct. 6]. I am delighted at the prospect of encountering one or more new

JERRY WALD

Los Angeles No Thanks

solid your issue of Oct. 6, your Chexas man—whose writings I love and esterm—errs in a manner which is natural, yet a mittle irritative, or Betal the Devil was not loiled together in Ravello. It was written as a novel by myself, and published the man of the control was not belief to the property of th

Youghal, Ireland

¶ James Helvick is a nom de plume of Claude Cockburn (rhymes with toeburn), British journalist.—ED.

While Mom's Away

Concerning 16-year-old Diana Humphries, who shot her younger brother while her parents were out working: When will these working mothers accept the plain fact that what a child wants and needs in the home is simply a mother. And will they ever learn that no house needs carpeting, new furniture and appliances as much as a child needs the presence of a mother whose love, attention and energy will create a lively and happy

atmosphere. PAULINE COSGROVE

Cincinnati

The Homely Yank

Your review of the Lederer-Burdick book The Ugly American [Oct. 6] could come only from a complete misunderstanding of the purpose of the job the authors apparently set out to accomplish. The book in-tended to tell the people of this country something they need to understand about how our foreign affairs are conducted; it does that job in simple language and in easily understood terms. It is one of the most effective editorials I have ever read And that's what it is, more than fiction, an editorial.

SYLVAN MEYER

The Daily Times Gainesville, Ga

Integration & the Churches

It appears that those members of the Southern clergy who hold that segregation should prevail [Oct. 6] are more responsive to public opinion than to the will of God Like the politicians who are afraid of losing the support of the citizens of the South, some spiritual leaders seem fearful of being deserted by much of their congregation if they do not blast the integration movement. TERRENCE J. McBride

Travis A.F.B., Calif.

The pro-segregation statements made by the ministers of certain churches in Little Rock will make our work as Christian missionaries even more difficult.

(THE REV.) JOHN REAGAN Kobe, Japan

TIME Listings

Sir: Congratulations on your capsuled List-ings. Why not follow the title with a mi-nute, parenthetical reference to the date— for the benefit of us would-be second-lookers?

BUELL R. SNYDER

Beachwood, N.J.

Kill TIME LISTINGS right away. Those of us who want them will continue to get them from other sources. Let Time remain Time, a magazine and not a catalogue C. K. GUNN

New York City

Your new section is an excellent idea, but why omit one of the greatest forces in the entertainment world today—phonograph records?

DAVID KAPP



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énédictine.

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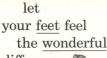
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MISCELLANY

Law of the Jungle. In Thomasville, N.C., Gene Thomas Liverett, charged with boring a hole in the back of a parking meter, got a suspended sentence on condition that he not be found within 5 ft. of a parking meter for the next year.

Knowledge Is Power. In Memphis, First Grader Timothy Meadows, 6, proud of his reading ability after only two days at Kingsbury School, spied a sign on a red box labeled "Pull," pulled, sent 3,000 children streaming outside in an unrehearsed fire drill.

Senior Prompt. In Davenport, Iowa, Henry Zimmerman, 79, retired foundry inspector, entered St. Ambrose College as a freshman, explained: "I just got tired of loafing."

Net Loss. In Seattle, 15 biologists of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service staged their annual salmon-fishing derby in Puget Sound, checked in after 51 hours with one small salmon, a cod and a dwarfish red snapper, explained lamely: "We're trying to preserve the salmon.'

Burden of Proof. In Warsaw, after a special court was opened to provide quick hearings on arrests for fighting and drunkenness, one of the first cases, involving two men nabbed in a brawl, was postponed because witnesses were too drunk to testify.

Without Taper. In London, Arnold Downham, 47, a clergyman's son, who was sentenced to nine years' preventive detention for stealing candlesticks, asked that the court take into consideration 82 previous offenses-all involving theft of candlesticks.

De Fenders of Justice. In Medina, Ohio, Truck Driver Charles Reed rounded a corner, collided with a deputy sheriff's parked car, which collided with a judge's car, which collided with a highway patrol car, but went scot-free because the sheriff's car was illegally parked too near the intersection.

Bending an Ankle? In Cooksville, Ont., John Kraycik, 59, accused of buying \$257 worth of liquor in seven weeks and illegally offering it for sale, denied the charges, explained that he used the booze to sweeten his tea and "soak my feet," added: "I don't get drunk; I just feel good all day long."

The Shoe Fit. In San Antonio, after he had received an anonymous letter from a wronged husband who said that he intended to kill his cheating wife and her boy friend two days hence, Sheriff Owen Kilday read the message over station KITE and asked the would-be killer to give himself up, within two hours received calls from ten fearful women asking for police protection.

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TIME, OCTOBER 27, 1958

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Dames a. Linen





CHAMP CLARK CHAMP CLARK

WE are not seeking a portrait of a ternational prime mover, What we are seeking is a close, fast-moving picture of a man essentially doing what he is supposed to do, under the Constitution, as a member of the U.S. House of Representatives: representing the people of his district and, as a byproduct of that, trying to get himself re-elected," So wrote TIME Associate Editor Champ Clark early this month to TIME Detroit Bureau Chief Marshall Berges, as he outlined the reporting requirements for this week's cover story on Michigan Congressman Charles Chamberlain. Writer Clark had a rare and unique understanding of what he was looking for. The first Champ Clark, the grandfather for whom he was named, was a Missouri Congressman for 26 years, for eight years was a powerful Speaker of the House, in 1912 was the strongest contender for the against Woodrow Wilson. Time's Clark grew up in the shadow of the Capitol, while his father, Bennett Champ Clark, was two-term Senator from Missouri, later judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. For a rare professional view of a Congressman fulfilling his constitutional function (and Champ Clark's 31St TIME cover story), see NATIONAL

NOW that the U.S. economy is snapping back from the recession, the talk-and the worry-about inflation

AFFAIRS, Meeting the People.

has reached alarming proportions. What do the economic facts say about the chances of widespread price hikes in the next year? See Business Essay, Inflation Fears.

BRITISH Columbia, land of prom-ise, is celebrating a birthday this year, It is a vigorous, bustling 100, In observance of the occasion, Time sent Calgary Bureau Chief Ed Ogle and Toronto Photographer George Hunter ranging across the province by airplane. helicopter, train, bus, car, steamship, fishing boat and afoot to get a color picture spread and a colorful story. For their special report, including six pages in color, see THE HEMISPHERE, CANADA: British Columbia at 100. Appropriately, this week marks an an-niversary for Time: the 15th year of our Canadian edition, which goes to 200,000 Canadian families. Observing this birthday, we have prepared a booklet. In Our Time, containing excerpts from significant Canadian stories that have appeared in TIME in the past 15 years. Anyone who would like a copy of this unique study of recent Canadian history may get one free by writing to In Our Time, Box 2127, Toronto, Canada.



PHOTOGRAPHER HUNTER AT WORK

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TIME

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CAMPAIGN

The rumbling that woke up the 1958 congressional election campaign last week was the sound of short-lived but sharp public argument between the President and Vice President of the U.S. The argument: Is the Administration's handling of foreign policy-and specifically the Quemoy-Matsu crisis-a proper topic for campaign debate? President Eisenhower, even though he agreed with G.O.P. leaders at the White House a fortnight before that foreign policy is one of the campaign's two top issues (the other; the economy), said flatly one day last week that "Foreign policy ought to be kept out of partisan debate

Vice President Nixon, out campaigning in San Francisco, flatly disagreed. His points: 1) U.S., foreign policy is a proper topic for U.S. debate, and 2) the Eisenhower-Dulles record is the G.O.P.'s great asset and great hope to turn back the Democratic tide. Nixon's argument: "A policy of firmness when dealing with the Communists is a peace policy. A policy of weakness is a war policy. This Administration has kept the peace without surrender of principle or territory."

The political fact that underlay the rumbling was that the Vice President, on the campaign front, was in vigorous dissent from the President's kind of above-the-battle political leadership. "There has developed in recent years," said Nixon in Salt Lake City, "the unsound idea that hard-hitting debate on the issues which confront the country is somehow wrong and detrimental to the best interests of debate in this country, both in and out debate in this country, both in and out of political campaigns, rather than less."

Debate calendar: Saturday. The Democratic Advisory Council-including Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, Adlai Stevenson-put out a razor-sharp statement that the U.S. ought to turn over the Quemoy-Matsu crisis to the U.N., ought to have a plebiscite in Formosa (no mention of the same thing for Red China), also slashed at "worldambulating" Secretary of State Dulles for dragging the U.S. to "the brink of having to fight a nuclear war." The Advisory Council's added point (later opposed by Harry Truman); although there may be dangerous times when an opposition ought to keep quiet, the Quemoy-Matsu crisis "is not such a case."

Mondoy, Vice President Nison, then in Chicago, cut back at the Democratis"In a nutshell, the Acheson foreign poliger sealted in war and the EisenhowerDulles policy resulted in peace. I challeage every Democratic candidate for the
House and Senate to state unequivocally
Eisenhower foreign policy . military
strength and diplomatic firmness . . or a
return to the Acheson policy . retreat

and appeasement."
Tuesday, None other than Secretary
of State Dulles, at his press conference,
out up to criticize Dick Nison. Said
Dulles, "I do not think it wise that curticized to the control of the con
trol of the control of the control of the con
trol of the control of the control of the con
curred in the need for that answer."

Wednesday. First off at his press conference. President Eisenhower was taxed with Nixon's Chicago statement, admitted right away that "I haven't even read it. Then Ike spoke sharp sentences in which he seemed to turn his back on his own party's campaign, "I do subscribe to this theory; foreign policy ought to be kept out of partisan debate . . . I realize that when someone makes a charge another individual is going to reply. I deplore that. They have made the charges about me. I will not answer, do not expect to. So I believe in the long term America's best interests will be best served if we do not indulge in this kind of thing." The President added another above-the-battle point, A recent G.O.P. leaders' statement issued after a White House meeting held that Democrats' policies tended toward socialism (TIME, Oct. 20), This, said Ike, was "not my statement-it was theirs. I think politicians do love to make things very positive [laughter].

At this point Nixon, by then campaigning in San Francisco, took the hard, spliting in San Francisco, took the hard, splitsecond decision to speak out against the President's position. Said Nixon to a press conference: "The President said that he did not believe that when an attack is made on the foreign policy of the U.S. it should be answered. For the President of the U.S. this, I think, is a proper position. But I will say this also—that for



NIXON IN SALT LAKE CITY
Someone must stand up and answer.

us who have the responsibility of carrying the weight of this campaign, to stand by and to allow our policies to be attacked with impunity by our opponents without reply would lead to inevitable defeat... One of the reasons the Republican Party is in trouble today is because aver the

One of the leasons the Reponent and raise is in trouble today is because, over the past two years particularly, we have allowed people to criticize our policies and we have not stood up and answered effectively. That is a mistake. I don't intend to make that mistake in this campaign."

Thursday, There was consternation at the White House that spread through of-ficial Washington. Said one Administration hand: "Dick is so tirted he must be punch-drunk." Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty got Nixon on the phone, agreed with Nixon that a statement of clarification ought to be put out. corn dropped by at the White House, to see the President. Then the President sent Nixon a wire noting that 1) although basic foreign policies ought to be bipartisan, 2) it was perfectly O.K. to reply to the Democrats on foreign policys "opera-



ELECTION YEAR PHENOMENON

tion." Said Ike: Questions and criticisms have involved lebanon . . . Quemoy and matsu, etc. these actions, when criticized, should be supported by our side. No one can do this more effectively than you. all the best to

That had been Nixon's point all along. At week's end. Nixon headed eastward to talk Quemoy-Matsu in the mountain states, and the President got into the campaign by flying to Iowa, Kansas and Colorado (see Republicans). Meanwhile the Democrats laid down a heavy attack upon Nixon, aided and abetted by such undeviating cartoonist friends as the Washington Post and Times Herald's Herbert Block (Herblock) and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's Bill Mauldin (see cartoons). Harry Truman snapped that Nixon was elected to the Senate "by character assassination." and the Democratic Direct, in best McCarthy fashion, called Nixon "the White Collar McCarthy . . . who will re-

It was apparent that the Democrats



"OF COURSE, IF I HAD THE TOP JOB
I'D ACT DIFFERENTLY."

knew a lively campaign issue when they heard it, however addicted the White House may have been to the naive political proposition that while foreign policy is an issue in the campaign, it should not be debated as such.

REPUBLICANS "Give 'Em Hello"

The President headed west from Washington on his 5,284-mile congressional-election tour in such a cheerful, eupeptic and thoroughly onopolitical mood that one reporter called it a "Give "Em Hello Campaign." His first stop: the National Corn Picking Contest on the 400-acre Lumir Dostal Farm, ten miles northeast of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. There he stood up before a sea of \$5,000 or more farmers, or off to a sharr of the content of the content

But the President, for reasons unexplained, had billed this part of his tour 'nonpolitical." He neither replied to Massachusetts Democrat Jack Kennedy's needling of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson (from the same platform just an hour before), nor appealed for votes for Republican Congressmen, nor even said a ringing word on behalf of Iowa's G.O.P. gubernatorial candidate William G. Murray, Iowa State University agriculture-economics professor, who stands an outside chance against lackluster Democratic Governor Herschel Loveless. Instead, Ike threw in a statement from hastily jotted notes on foreign policy: "You cannot bargain or negotiate in a world that is torn by dissension except from a position of strength," That stirred interest. But in general, Ike's re-

whether was unenthusiate.
"If I Can Live ..." When the President flew on to Salina Kans., then drove with Mamie in his bubbletop limousine 24 miles through sizable, friendlier crowds to home town Abliene (first visit in four years), he showed much more of his famous, warm, arms-up humanity. In Abliene, in the small white frame house in which he and his brothers grew up. Ike whether was the same than the s

Visiting Abilene's Eisenhower Museum, be spotted Army Nurse Major Florence Judd, who had looked after him following his lietis operation in 1956. He recalled without being reminded that she had been transferred from Washington to nearby Fort Riley. A boyhood friend, Abe Forney, who had worked with like hauling ice at Belle Springs Creamery, came up, told Ike how well he looked. The Presi-

9 To a group of escorting Iowa politicians. Retold one of his rare jokes. It seems that there was a little boy who lived hard by the missell test center at Cape Canaveral and was asked by his teacher if he could count. He replied, "ofter, two, one, nuts." Ike laughed loudly at his own joke.

dent wagged his head and said, "If I can live two more years . . .", let his voice trail off. Said Abe Forney: "You will, Ike."

"In His Corner." But he was soon back again from the glowing legend to distasteful politics-a perfunctory huddle with Kansas' able Gubernatorial Candidate Clyde Reed Ir. ("I'm in his corner." said Ike, "Is that clear enough?"), who has high hopes of unseating wily Democratic Governor George Docking: a fast flight on to Denver, Mamie's home town, where the Eisenhowers' arrival got fouled up by a wretched little scene at the airport. There Ike was greeted and all but engulfed before the photographers by Colorado's Governor Stephen McNichols, another of the Eisenhower era's new Democratic governors, plus photogenic wife and five photogenic children, while unphotographed G.O.P. candidates stood waiting and fuming and cursing at Presi-



IKE & MAMIE IN ABILENE
"Is that clear enough?"

dential Press Secretary James Hagerty— "Damned White House staff." Hagerty flared back: "You're not talking to me that way." Later the GOPsters and Ike were photographed together at Denver's Brown Palace Hotel.

Having missed many a chance to win votes for his party in three key states, the President headed for California, where his tour, he said, would become "outright political."

DEMOCRATS

Love That Warmth

Confident Democrats having a high old time together, all 9000 luncheon eaters (\$28 a plate) at Washington's Mayflower Hotel, applauded joyously one day last week when Party Faithful Tallulah Bankhead, wrapping her "dahlings" in her bourbon drawl, breathed spite upon the opposition. "Dirt is too clean a word for him," she said of Vice President Richard Nixon. Fumbling for an exit bit, Tallu focused upon the seated form of Harry S. Truman, listed sharply in a maneuver designed to land in his lap but, defeated by his red-faced agility,* succeeded only in a bear hug. Bawled she: "The warmth that comes out of that man just kills me.

All the same, Harry Truman had a chilly warning to give, based on his 1948 lesson to the Republican Party that straw polls and cocksureness can upset any campaign. "I find only one thing wrong with Democrats today," he said. "They are suffering from Deweyitis, which is the worst disease in the world. You mustn't decide the election is won because the Democratic curve is going up. We've got to keep fighting until the polls are closed. Other chief Democrats stumping and

rallying right down to polling day: Senator John Kennedy, Massachusetts urbanite who voted against rigid price props in 1956, preceded Eisenhower at Cedar Rapids' corn-picking contest with a stemwinding attack upon the author of

flexible props, Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson: "His objective may be to get the government out of the farming business, but the farmers' objective apparently is to get Mr. Benson out of the

governing business."

Adlai Stevenson, at a labor-organized bean-and-wiener feed (\$1 a plate) in Milwaukee Auditorium, said: "The tragedy of the Eisenhower Administration is that its only weapons seem to be platitudes or paratroops. And this seems to be true whether the situation is Little Rock or Lebanon, South America or Ouemov.

Lyndon Johnson, Senate Majority Leader, in a blast in the coal-mining center of Welch (pop. 6,850), called on West Virginia to elect two new Democratic Senators to replace its Republicans. He charged that the G.O.P. is running against Old Socialist Eugene Victor Debs, because they know they "can beat poor old Gene Debs, because he is dead and buried. But, cried Johnson, "they can't beat unem-ployment, they can't beat sickness and disease, and they can't beat Khrushchey by resurrecting a dead man-and a dead issue-and kicking him around.'

Paul M. Butler, National Chairman in a Chicago debate with his G.O.P. opposite number. Meade Alcorn, who forced Northern Democrat Butler to talk about Southern Democrat Orval Faubus of Arkansas, said: "We will not tolerate that kind of an un-American attitude in a party that represents the American people.

Still agile later that same day, Truman kidnaped two historical figures to add to the 13 Democratic Presidents whose pictures he hung at a new party clubroom: John Quincy Adams (1767-1848), over the protest of Adams' greatgreat-grandson that his forebear was a Republican precursor, and Andrew Johnson (1808-75), who was a War Democrat when he became Abraham Lincoln's Vice President, Discoursing further on his reading of history, Harry scaled down every U.S. schoolboy's image of the man "There was an old man here in Virginia who was a great orator, Patrick Henry, who did his best to defeat the Constitution, and when the wanted me to dedicate a monument to him I



TRUMAN & TALLU IN WASHINGTON Dirt is too clean.

Eleanor Roosevelt, 74, talked and talked in New York for Averell Harriman. dashed out to Topeka, where she made her comparisons between her husband and the White House's present resident: "We have never lacked greatness but at the moment we lack leadership. Education has been lacking for the chief educator, the President of the United States. It has been nil.'

POLITICS

The Labor Issue

Working as a team, Ohio's Republican Governor C. (for nothing) William O'Neill, 46, and Senator John Bricker, 65, crisscrossed the Buckeye State last week in an aggressive new bid for votes. Boomed



ELEANOR & ADLAI IN MANHATTAN 'We lack leadership.

O'Neill: "Fear has spread over Ohio. There is use of power to instill fear. I deplore the thought that Ohio citizens should be afraid." Roared Bricker: "If ever there was a clearcut call for nonpartisan action, it was for protection of the union rank and file against the abuses of labor racketeers, the embezzlers, the professional goons, the Hoffas and the Becks." So saying, O'Neill and Bricker plumped unequivocally for a hotly debated Ohio right-to-work bill on next month's ballot, Explained a G.O.P. strategist: "We're taking a chance on it helping the party. But there are many crosscurrents to right-to-work and we know it."

Flood of Registrations, Crosscurrents swept in and out of the whole issue of labor bossism as the 1958 election turned its final leg. In the unionized East, with the exception of outpost Vermont, most candidates carefully paddled clear of the rip tides. But westward from Ohio, the revelations from Senator John McClellan's Washington hearing room combined with drives for right-to-work laws* to

produce a major issue.

Right-to-work propositions are on the ballot in five states besides Ohio: California, Washington, Idaho, Colorado and Kansas. They have produced floods of new registrations: most of it is probably Democratic; in California, only one of each four of 457,000 new voters registered Republican, But angry questions at political rallies, letters to editors, earnest debate at many a saloon and street corner indicate that even union rank-and-filersnot to mention farmers and white-collar workers-are seriously disturbed over Big Labor's evident excesses.

Watch the Backlash. Even so, no Democrats-and precious few Republicanshave grabbed hold of the issue with the firmness of Ohio's O'Neill and Bricker, Notable exception: the nation's most stubborn right-to-work man. William Fife Knowland, California's Republican candidate for governor, who had set a horrible example by splitting his already-squabbling party asunder over the issue.

National G.O.P. leaders, who had once hoped that the unsavory record of labor racketeering would rub off on labororiented Democrats, all but gave up trying to hang failure of the Kennedy-Ives labor bill on the Democratic 85th Congress. No less a campaigner than Vice President Nixon warned that the issue would get all mixed up, could easily backlash to brand the G.O.P. as anti-union. Bigwig Democrats meanwhile whistled merrily, predicted a pro-labor vote that would swell the Democratic landslide. Fact was that the labor bossism issue was a sleeper and much of the whistling was in the dark. Many a candidate would not sleep peacefully until election night when he saw how the crosscurrents had moved and who had been carried off as flotsam.

* Right-to-work laws forbid union membership as a condition of employment, thus outlaw as a condition of employment, the output union shops, thereby go one step beyond the federal Taft-Hartley Act's no-closed-shop provision. Eighteen states, mostly Southern and

THE CONGRESS

Meeting the People

(See Cover)

As it is essential to liberty that the Government in general should have a common interest with the people, so it is particularly essential that the [lower house of the Congress] should have an immediate dependence on and an intimate sympathy with the people.

So the author of The Federalist wrote of the U.S. House of Representativesand so, in that same spirit, to five United Auto Workers' pickets huddled around a fire outside a Buick Motor plant in Flint. Mich. last week, came a small, balding man with a cracker-barrel voice; "Hi, fellows. I'm Chuck Chamberlain, vour Congressman. I brought you some matches in case this fire runs out.'

Charles Ernest Chamberlain, 41, Republican Representative from Michigan's Sixth District, began handing out redwhite-and-blue matchbooks bearing his name, his photograph, and a key word: "Re-elect." One of the pickets turned his back, growling: "We don't need you around here." Deep in Democratic U.A.W. territory. Chamberlain was undismayed. said he, "we need two sides to everything, don't we? Isn't that the American way? Gee, I used to work in the plants myself. I know something about your problems." Cried the hostile picket: "You don't know anything. All Republicans are lousy, and your President is the worst goddam one of the bunch." Demanded a second picket: "Why are you coming around here?" "That," replied Chamberlain, "is the way our Constitution is drawn. We go out politicking every two years, and if you don't like us you can kick us out." "Don't worry," snapped the second picket, "we will."

Coming Closer. Campaigner Chamberlain kept at it. "That's your privilege." he said. "But if I am elected I will still welcome your criticism. I don't want you to write and tell me I'm a dirty dog. That doesn't help. But constructive criticism I welcome. There's plenty of room for differences of opinion. As long as I am Congressman, I represent all the people in the district-those who like me and those who

don't like me." Somehow, somewhere, Chamberlain hit a responsive chord. A third picket spoke up hesitantly. "I think you're O.K.," said he. "I like your approach." Campaigner Chamberlain moved into the warmth of the fire, rubbed his chilled hands. "Thanks," he said quietly, "Now if your buddies will stop heckling me for a minute, there is one thing I'd like to say; the Government is a lot closer to you than you think. Maybe you don't like me, but every two years you have your chance to put in the man you want. And believe me, that keeps the Government very, very close to what you want it to be. That's good. That is the way it should be."

The Humble Sons. It is also the way the nation's founders intended it to be. The members of the House of Representa-



CHAMBERLAIN & MAILMAN



WITH UNION PICKETS



IN THE SUPERMARKET



TALKING TO FARMER A sympathy with the people.

tives, wrote The Federalist author,* were to be elected by the "great body" of U.S. citizens-"Not the rich, more than the poor: nor the learned, more than the ignorant; not the haughty heirs of distinguished names, more than the humble sons of obscure and unpropitious fortune. To keep the House of Representatives immediately responsive to the district voters, the Constitution requires its members to stand for re-election every two years-and gives them the power and the heavy political responsibility of initiating

Tied so closely to their districts, the members of the U.S. House of Representatives must, for survival's sake, reflect both the broadest national aspirations and the narrowest local interests of the folks back home. In their separate, infinitely diverse, bitterly conflicting parts, the 435 congressional districts make for a national whole, a mirror of the U.S. will and mood. Michigan's "Chuck" Chamberlain, like any Congressman of either party who is to live up to the founders' formula, must serve the will and the mood of his own district. And Chamberlain's Sixth District is indeed a land of the rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant, the distinguished names and the humble sons who make a nation. Perhaps most important to the hottest political issues of nonpresidential Election Year 1958, Chamtories, in perilous political proportion.

County Countdown. In the 1,774 sq. mi. of Chamberlain's district in southcentral Michigan live 624,000 people, with more of Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers than any other congressional district (72.000), yet with enough conservative-minded farmers, professional and businessmen to throw it into hairbreadth balance every two years. Since 1946 no congressional candidate has carried the Sixth by as much as 53%. In 1956 Chamberlain defeated Democratic Incumbent Don Hayworth, his opponent again this year, by 3,967 votes-a breathless .8% of the total. In 1958 most experts believe that congressional contests will be decided on the issues of 1) the economic recession and the jitters of recovery, 2) labor policy in the face of widespread charges of union bossism and Senate revelations of corruption, and 3) farm policy in the light of resurgent agricultural prosperity. These issues come to burning, brilliant focus in a breakdown of the three counties (see map) in Michigan's Sixth District:

GENESEE COUNTY (pop. 374,000) has more voters than the other two counties of the district combined. With its Buick and Chevrolet plants centered around Flint it is a national stronghold of the U.A.W. In 1956, even with Big Labor's leaders cold-shouldering Democrat Hayworth in a personal vendetta, Republican Chamberlain lost Genesee by 9,947 votes. This year, although the U.A.W. is still

* The authorship of several of the 85 Federalist ander Hamilton and James Madis



DEMOCRAT HAYWORTH He dared to step off the line.

squabbling with Hayworth, Chamberlain has even worse troubles. Few U.S. counties were harder hit by recession; as late as July an estimated 24.3% of Flint's labor force was still unemployed. And recovery figures have been blurred by the U.A.W. itself: even while reaching a national contract agreement with General Motors, it is keeping locals out on strike until lesser agreements are reached with plant management. As of last weekend, five Genesee County plants were idle, with 17.000 workers on strike.

INGHAM COUNTY (pop. 216,000) is dominated by Lansing, the state capital, seat of Michigan's enormously popular Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams, next door to Michigan State University, a city of trim middle-class homes which boasts that it has no slums. Ingham County has its share of labor, e.g., Lansing's Oldsmobile and Fisher Body plants, but its politics has long been characterized by the penny-saved, penny-earned conservatism of its small businessmen and prosperous rural storekeepers. It was in Ingham, his home county, that Chamberlain canceled out his 1056 Genesee deficit: he won Ingham by 9,946 votes-and came out of the two counties exactly one vote

LIVINGSTON COUNTY (pop. 34,000) is the smallest of the three-yet it can hold the balance of power. Livingston is a farm county with a smattering of wealthy business and professional men who commute to Flint and Lansing, Livingston's fiercely independent farmers have never been much for Government controls, did well with their 100-to-200-acre corn, oat and wheat crops even during the long farm recession. This year, with county farm income up by an estimated 7%. Livingston farmers seem to be standing even more firmly behind the flexible support policies of Republican Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson. In 1956 Chamberlain's entire 3,967 margin of victory came from Livingston County.

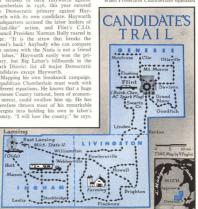
Riding the Tides. In the three counties of the Sixth District rest the delicate balances that Republican Chamberlain and Democrat Hayworth must carefully weigh-and work diligently to tilt. Gaunt, grey Don Hayworth, 60, father of three, a speech professor at Michigan State, knows that the economic discontent of the Sixth District is a strong factor in his favor. He ing to avoid making the contest a direct personality clash with bubbling, persuasive Chuck Chamberlain, He believes that a national Democratic trend is running, and he knows that his fellow Democrat, Governor Williams, in his campaign for a sixth term, is far, far ahead, Hayworth has shaped his own campaign to take best advantage of the tides.

Oddly enough. Democrat Hayworth's toughest problem is with labor. A member of the national board of Americans for Democratic Action, he was long a particular favorite of the U.A.W. But during his 1955-56 congressional term, he polled his Sixth District farmers, found them strongly in favor of flexible price supports-and therefore voted for the Republican Administration's farm program. His vote infuriated the U.A.W., which by no means confines its Sixth District interests to labor policy. High, rigid farm subsidies are an article of the U.A.W.'s national Democratic faith, and Hayworth found himself accused of treason, Big Labor refused to back Hayworth against Chamberlain in 1056, this year entered the Democratic primary against Hayworth with its own candidate. Hayworth headquarters accused the labor leaders of "Nazi-like" action, and Flint's C.I.O. Council President Norman Bully roared in rage: "It is the straw that breaks the camel's back! Anybody who can compare the unions with the Nazis is not a friend of labor," Hayworth easily won the primary, but Big Labor's billboards in the Sixth District list all major Democratic candidates except Hayworth.

Republican Chamberlain must work with different equations. He knows that a huge Genesee County turnout, born of economic unrest could swallow him up. He has therefore thrown most of his remarkable energies into holding his own in labor's county, "I will lose the county," he says, "but I'm trying to keep my losses to a minimum. I'm trying to let the laboring man know that there is nothing inconsistent with my being a Republican and being interested in the welfare of the individual worker." Even while trying to stave off losses in Genesee. Chamberlain cannot afford to neglect Ingham and Livingston, and already he has heard complaints that he has not been seeing enough of his farm friends. To handle that problem, he scheduled a tour through the district's farming areas this week with Ezra Benson, whom Chamberlain deems a decided political asset.

Tuned Embodiment, Like most northern congressional campaigns, the race in Michigan's Sixth District is a tossup. But in his fight to win. Chuck Chamberlain stands out-perhaps as much as any other beleaguered member of the House-as the hustling, aggressive, inexhaustible, politically tuned embodiment of what it takes to run for re-election to Congress. To begin with, he has a running start because he knows and understands his district through personal identification. He was born on an Ingham County farm, heir to three generations of Ingham County farmers; he worked as a youth in Lansing's Fisher Body plant; after a four-year World War II Coast Guard hitch, he practiced law (University of Virginia Law School, '40) in Lansing, came up through the political ranks from assistant Ingham County prosecutor to prosecutor to

When Prosecutor Chamberlain squeaked



past Representative Don Hayworth in 1956, he was one of only nine U.S. Republicans to oust incumbent Democrats from House seats. He landed in Washington with bright expectations: "I was kind of steamed up about being on the team and finding out who the quarterback was." He found out all right: the only quarterback for Chuck Chamberlain was Chuck Chamberlain, "My God," he recalls, "the Welcome Wagon came out to see Mrs. Chamberlain when we had the electric meter hooked up, but nobody from the Republican high command came around to see me." From House Republican Leaders Ioe Martin and Charles Halleck came only one direct piece of advice: "When you have to make a decision between your district and the national party, vote with your district.'

Spreading the Word. Newcomer Chamberlain found that voting with his district was not nearly as easy as it sounded. Capisystem of keeping pace with the folks back home.

He started sending out newsletters to his constituents describing everything from his activities on the House Banking and Currency Committee to his successful sponsorship of a bill establishing Nasformation of the Starten of the Starten or his old service, the Coast Guarda. The newsletters gave him a chance to sell his town ideas about issues on which the Sixth District was doubtful, among them reciprocal trade, which Chamberlain supported men, fearful of foreign competition, were in opposition.

Polling for Trends. Where each Congressman is allowed one annual Government-paid trip to his home district, Chamberlain made 14 his first year, 18 his second, at a personal cost of \$76,34 per trip. Most of all, Chamberlain learned to rely on a system of peric-lic polls,

Congressman, have kept him away from his wife, Charlotte, and their three children (Ellen, 12; Christine, 6; and Charles Jr., 4) more than he likes. But here again Chamberlain has a fine political asset: a wife who understands. Says Charlotte Chamberlain: "Somehow this extraordinary way of living-two homes. two worlds-comes to be taken in stride. The only time I realize that we aren't quite as stable as other people is when I am in a group of people, and somebody says: 'Where's Chuck?' And it suddenly occurs to me that Chuck is out campaigning, and he isn't like ordinary people at all: he is doing something special." Despite a Congressman's \$22,500-ayear salary plus expense allowance, the personal expenses of district pulse taking. of meeting and knowing people, have forced the Chamberlains to put a \$10,000

mittee work required of the conscientious

Trepute a Congression is Section of the Congression and Congre

People, One by One, A new congressional campaign, Chamberlain thinks, begins the day an old one ends, "You can't campaign openly that early," Chamberlain says. "It would be like saying "Merry Journal op and the Journal of July, But you think hard about 1. You look at an uto plaint and tell yourself," bear of the workers as they arrive at 7 a.m. 'And they will think: "This guy had to get up as early as I did—he must really mean business."

Again. Chamberlain has no time for the formal political rallies on which many candidates depend. "I think rallies are useless," he says, "The people who show up at rallies are already on my side, and I'm just plowing the same field over again. I have to spend my time just talking with people, one by one." Laying out his campaign, Chamberlain figures that he day and, allowing for 50 days of active campaigning from Labor Day to Election Day, reach 10,000 people.

Out for Customers. To meet 10.000 voters one by one. Campaigner Chamber-lain travels through the Sixth District in a red-white-and-bute campaign trailer ("The mortigage on it," says Chamberlain, "is as long as the trailer tied!"), comworks of John Philip Sousa. When the trailer pulle up in a Sixth District town, Chamberlain scrambles out, sets up a sign proclaiming: voue consensamn is here is sign proclaiming: voue consensamn is here is voue Then be goes back to his trailer office to await the passing parade or problem (see box).

All Chamberlain's visitors sign a reg-

ister in the trailer's reception room, and thereby automatically put themselves on the mailing list for Chamberlain's congressional newsletter. When the stream of visitors slows down, Chamberlain imms



Congressman Chamberlain & Family Two homes, two worlds, one gim.

MBERLAIN & FAMILY

tol Hill is 500 miles from Lansing, Mich.; the political stand that appears perfectly obvious in Washington may be twisted completely out of shape by the Sixth District's crosscurrents. It was up to Chamberlain to assess correctly the interests of his district on all the hundreds of issues coming up in the House.

Chamberlain began looking around, comparing notes with his colleagues to see how they met the problem of maintaining common bonds with their districts. He joined the Michigan Republican delegation at breakfast every other week, became a regular at the weekly Tuesdayafternoon sessions of the Acorn Club, an informal organization of freshmen Republican Congressmen who shared with Chamberlain the problem of learning. Such group meetings were helpful, but Chamberlain was still the only Representative from the Sixth District of Michigan, and slowly, painfully, he developed his own sending out questionnaires to 150,000 Sixth District voters (each poll costs him \$700). "The returns may not be complete," says Chamberlain, "and they certainly are not infallible, but they always show a trend."

The polls convinced Chamberlain that the majority of Sixth District votes was generally in agreement with Eisenhower Administration policy—and he voted that way. Among the most startling trends was one that gives Chamberlain high hopes that the Sixth District's rank-and-file union members will not necessarily blame him for their economic troubles. Seventy-seven percent of the hourly wage earners answering a Chamberlain policy and the seventy-seven bound renew then existing contracts "to avoid possible labor strice." Chamberlain would give the contracts to avoid possible labor strice. Chamberlain sue undied give the contracts to avoid possible labor strice.

in touch with his district, even while attending to the daily legislative and com-

up, stuffs shopping bags ("How could that printer be so stupid as to print my name on only one side of the bag?") with emery boards for the ladies, matchbooks for the men, comic books and balloons for the kids. Then he hurries off ("When there aren't any customers. I go out and find them"), making the rounds of the barbershops, stores, and especially the su-permarkets. "Good morning," he says. "I'm Chuck Chamberlain, your Congressman. Have a shopping bag, And while I'm here, have you any complaints? This is your chance." Then, turning to a friend, Chamberlain exclaims happily: "See what I can do here in a few minutes as opposed to spending the time at a political rally? Hundreds of people, and they all get something to remember me by.

Out to Dinner, A typically breathless campaign day for Chamberlain began at 7 o'clock one morning last week, found him still going hard in the Genesee County town of Grand Blanc at 7 that night. He suddenly realized that he was already 90 minutes late for a dinner date with his wife Charlotte, even then waiting for him in front of the Durant Hotel, in nearby Flint. Chamberlain leaped into his redwhite-and-blue Chevrolet station wagon, which he uses along with his trailer, and sped toward Flint at 60 m.p.h. His pace had been exhausting, but Chuck Chamberlain seemed to thrive on it, and his words tumbled out in a turmoil of enthusiasm.

"Hey," he cried to a friend, "where are we going to take my wife to dinner? She's been waiting since 5:30 and she's going to be plenty sore. Let's take her to a good restaurant, how about it?" He flipped down the station wagon's sun visor, studied and shopping-center openings and closings. Said he, ruefully: "We'll only have about 20 minutes to eat-we have to be in Flushing by 8. I want to catch that crowd at the shopping center. We have to be in Flint by 9-there's a real good shopping center there. Then we may get home by 11 and that will give me a couple of hours to catch up on paper work so I can get to bed by 1-always like to turn in by 1. Then I won't have anything to do until 7 in the morning. I want to be at the Buick plant then

tine butte plant time; chapter of the contentedly. This been a good day," he said. And so it had, To the best of the best of the contented the content of th

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"I have made no secret of the fact that in the past the U.S. has been inclined to feel that the troops [on Quemoy and Matsu] were excessive for the needs of the situation," said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in press conference last

A WORD WITH THE CONGRESSMAN-

The biggest part of the job of any Congressman before, during and after a campaign is talking with constituents about what they have on their minds. Last week Time listened while Michigan's Chuck Chamberlain talked with voters who streamed through his trailer.

FARMER JACK MAIN: Tell me why, when your first load of beans goes in to market, the price drops.

Chamberlain: It's a supply and demand situation, don't you think? Main: I don't know. I can't fig-

CHAMBERLAIN: Do you think the less control over the farmer the better, or how would you say it?

MAIN: I'd say it like that, Farmers are better off without controls. Of course the soil bank is damn silly. I know a lot of farmers who are sitting around making money by not raising anything. Now that's damn silly, wouldn't you say?

CHAMBERLAIN (to a Fisher Body worker): Do you think Reuther's done a pretty good job for you?

Worker: You don't get nothing by raises. Twenty years ago at Chevy I made \$1.04 an hour. I could save money then. Now, at \$2.50 an hour, I can't save anything. So what's Reuther done for me? A lot of headaches, that's all.

A BLONDE IN BLUE JEANS: I've got husband trouble. CHAMBERLAIN: Tell me about it.

THE BLONDE: I've got a \$30 Government check for my husband and he's been gone since Sept. 3. Can I sign his name to the check and cash it?

he's been gone since Sept. 3. Can I sign his name to the check and cash it? CHAMBERLAIN: I wouldn't advise you to do that. You would only be borrowing more trouble.

FARMER KERMIT CAREY: I wish you'd get out to the farmers more. I'm for you, you know, but lots of farmers haven't met you. You should come out on one of these soil conservation tours—lots of farmers you should meet.

CHAMBERLAIN: Well, it takes a day to make one of those soil conservation tours. Don't misunderstand me, Kermit. I've got to do more in Livingston County. I want to do more there. But I've just got to put in my time where it's needed most.

BUICK PLANT WORKER: I'd like to know why these investigating committees don't go ahead and do something about what they've found out. They're giving us all a bad name, but it isn't us guys in the shop who are doing the racketeering. It's the guys on top. Why don't you do something about that? CHAMBERLIN: I'm glad you asked

that. I don't think there's anything wrong with union members—but they've been exploited by their leaders, Now I voted against the KennedyIves labor bill because I think we'll get a better bill next session. You know, it's about a dozen years since Taft-Hartley, and if we had taken this bill, which wasn't very good, people would say, "O.K., we've got a labor law," and maybe it would take another dozen years before we got a good piece of legislation.

PENSIONER BRIAN SKELLENGER (his wife had been laid off from the General Motors AC Spark Plug Division plant in 1925 as permanently disabled, but had so far been unable to collect Social Security disablity henefits): I told Social Security that I was going to see my Congressman, and they told me not to do that. They said it would simply delay matters. I shat right?

CILAMBERLAIN (angrily): Of course they don't want you to come to me, because they don't want pressure from the top. But that's my job—to put pressure on them when you don't get a fair shake. Just give me the details and I'll look into it.

R.F.D. MAIL CARRIER NICK MARvosh (who wants quick Post Office Department action on extending his route—and his per-mile income): The people out my way aren't getting service and they are complaining.

CHAMBERLAIN (patiently): You tell them you have talked with the Congressman and he is doing everything he can to get them mail service.

Marvosh (belligerently): These folks aren't going to vote for Mr. Chamberlain unless something is done.

CHAMBERLAIN: Well, that's too bad. I can't please all the people. Some people can't be pleased. If I have to please everybody, I don't want the goddam job. (Later, to a friend): If there's one thing they could chop off from the congressional job, it should be this post-office stuff. It's murder.

Young Appliance Dealer (asking to be excused from Army reserve duty): Every time they call me up for a week, it costs me \$roo to get some-body to run the store. And it's hard on business because my customers want me, not a stranger, taking care of them. I mean, this is a hardship.

CHABBERLAIN: I would like to tell you what you want to hear, but I can't always do that. First I'd like to point out the need for keeping our armed forces strong. We have commitments all over the world. Now you may say, 'Do they need me here in Goodrich?' Well. I think all the reserves are needed, wherever they are.

week, "But the Republic of China holds its views, and, after all, it is its territory that is primarily involved." Tacking back to the rhumb-line course of policy in the teeth of the continuing foreign policy storm at home* and the uncertain cease-fire calm in the Formosa Strait. Dulles criticized the "exaggerated" importance the press had put on his com-ment fortnight before (TIME, Oct. 13) that the Chinese Nationalists were "foolish" to concentrate 100,000 fighting men on the offshore islands. As a military matter, the U.S. will advise some reduction of these forces, but U.S. diplomatic policy does not concern itself with this point.

Dulles was concerned, too, about the transparent Communist Chinese attempts to drive a wedge between the Nationalists and their U.S. ally. So was Chinag Kaidhard and their Chinag Kaidhard and their Chinag Kaidhard and their Chinese person of the transparent statements: "If we have to evacuate Quemoy and Matsu under pressure, not only the Chinese people but all people of Asia would lose confidence in America. Anti-triving on the mainfand would Communists Higher good the Brainfand would be confidence in America. Anti-triving on the mainfand would communist Higher good the Brainfand would communist the Brainfand w

Hours later Dulles announced a typical by personal piece of diplomacy: after at-tending the Pope's funeral in Rome and conferring with Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd in Britain, he would ride his converted Boeing KC-133 jet over the pole, be on Formosa for planning talks with Ching by midweek. One area of likely discussion; if the Communist cease-did could thin out their forces on Quernoy and Matsu in exchange for a guarantee of increased—but nonatomic—U.S. frepower.

* The New York Times, which had applauded the President's "momentous" speech last month drawing the line against appeasement at Quemoy and Matsu, last week advocated that the islands be turned over to Communist China,

MANNERS & MORALS Wilderness School

One day last summer George Wolfe and his wife sat down for a serious talk in their home in the suburbs of Lewiston. Idaho (pop. 15,000). Subject: the education of their seven children, aged 5 to 14. The Wolfes were worried: it was bad enough that daughter Sharon (12), when asked to name the continent she lived on, replied that she did not even know what a continent was; the rest of the children were not making much progress either. Besides, the Wolfes were concerned that most parents in their neighborhood seemed to be losing control over their children. "Take our Davy [11]." said Reho Wolfe, 42. "He got so he wouldn't do his lessons, he wouldn't practice violin, he just begged off more and more. We didn't know how long it would be before we were losing control of our children too."

The parents made their decision, George Wolfe, 54, a storekeeper for the Camas Prairie Railroad, packed his family off to a log cabin on an abandoned gold-mining claim in the isolated, rugged Salmon River Canyon, 80 miles from the nearest high school, eight miles by rubber raft from the nearest road. There Reho Wolfe, who once attended a normal school, set up a school-within-a-home, arranged for texts, lessons and tests through a correspondence course. Wolfe, a high school graduate, who has had music training, continued his job in Lewiston, commuted to the cabin on weekends, when he gave the children their music lessons. Between schooling and chores, the children were introduced to the "liberal education" in the bright, challenging wilderness outside their cabin door. They rode horses, fished watched wild animals, learned names of plants and trees, collected driftwood,

But then, the district school board stepped in, signed a criminal complaint



REHO WOLFE & CHILDREN IN SCHOOL AT HOME Also a liberal education outside.

charging Mrs. Wolfe with contributing to the delinquency of minors by making her children truants. The Wolfes politely turned down a request that they return the children to school, so last week the board met to take action. The law, in strictest letter, was on the board's side. yet from District Prosecutor Wayne Mac-Gregor Jr .- supported by State Attorney General Gravdon Smith-came an unexpected defense. Asked MacGregor: "May a person of school age no longer reside in a locality of his own choosing unless it is within walking distance of a school or is served by a school bus?" If the children could not get to school from a log cabin many miles away, "must the sanctity of the home be invaded?" No. MacGregor insisted. And the board reluctantly agreed to drop the charges.

Grateful for this support, the Wolfes resumed their task. Davy was delighted, piped, "Going to school like this is fun." Said twelve-year-old Sharon: "He even likes to practice the violin now."

CRIME

Godfathers to Dynamiters

In Atlanta, six days after dynamiters did \$200,000 worth of damage to the interior of the Reform Jewish congregation's Temple, a massive effort by city police and far-ranging squads of FBI brought indictments against five local residents who, if not the actual bombers, were deemed to be in on the deed. The indictments, brought under a state statute that carries a maximum penalty of death, marked the first successful police effort against the bands of stealthy racists who have rocked the South with 83 bombs, seven of them against Jewish institutions. since the Supreme Court's school decision four years ago. Ex-Convict Richard Bowling, 26, tagged by police as the ringleader of the indicted men, blamed his arrest on "Jewish-Communist pressure groups.

"Jewish-Omimunist pressure groups."
Georgia's Racist Senator Herman Talmade theorized that the bombing might
65-year-old Mayor William B. Hartsfield
did not need to wait for his police to act
before be knew the real criminals: "Every
political rabble-rouser is the godfather of
these cross burners and dynamiers who
sneak about in the dark." Wrote the Athart Constitution's Editor Ralph McGill: "Let it be understood that when
leadership in hish places in any degree
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POLLS

Inevitability & Tension

The South's orators may rant at the Supreme Court, but Southerners generally recognize the consequences of court rulings, indicated Pollster George Gallup last week, Gallup found that \$2\cdot of white Southerners now feel integration will inevitably come, compared to \$4\cdot of the Week Court of the Southerners now feel integration is ago. But while they believe integration is







SILENT SENTRY ARMORED VEST Also, infra-red, bipods, tripods and mom's homemade irradiated pie.

FOXHOLE DIGGER

inevitable, Southerners also predict it will not come easily; whereas 14 months ago 51% of whites thought tension between races would worsen, 59% are now of that opinion.

STATISTICS Comings & Goings

¶ The huge population board in Washington's Department of Commerce lobby clicked away in its steady, scientifically programed pace, last week hit a U.S. population milestone: 175 million. Next outstanding marker: 200 million by 1967. ¶ In its annual "mobility index," the Census Bureau reported last week that during the twelve months ending last March, recession or no, a normal one-fifth (19.8%) of the population (i.e., 33 million) had changed homes, Score for the more mobile Western states: 26.7%.

The "fertility rate" (births per 1.000 in the child-bearing age group between 15 and 44) receded 2.3% to 116.9 during 1958's first eight months and is not likely to resume its seven-year rise, says Population Reference Bureau, until after the recession's impact on the birth rate wears off in 1959.

DEFENSE

Fight for Space

Energetic Dr. T. Keith Glennan, chief of the newly created National Aeronautics and Space Administration, made his way into the Pentagon office of Army Secretary Wilber Brucker last fortnight with a message: civilian-run NASA, operating under Congressional authority, intended to take over the Army's missilemaking Redstone Arsenal, 2,100 scientists from its missile team, the Army-backed Caltech let Propulsion Laboratory in Los Angeles and various other installations.

Brucker lost no time hustling down to the office of Deputy Defense Secretary Donald Quarles to protest. In Chicago Major General John Medaris, Redstone commander, dramatically got aboard a plane for Washington to fight off NASA capture-while a news leak rallied press

Quarles, apparently sympathetic, told

the Army's Brucker to plead his case to White House Scientific Adviser Dr. James Killian. The President in press conference tried to head off a williwaw by insisting that Glennan's move was only part of a "study" in which the President himself would make the final ruling, But Glennan, plowing on, returned to Brucker's office at week's end with a written confirmation of his decision.

Behind Army's pressagentry lay some hard facts: 1) NASA takeover would break up Spaceman Wernher von Braun's dedicated Redstone team, which produced the dependable Jupiter-C and the first U.S. satellite, scatter experts into private industry: 2) Redstone works 85% on military, nonspace projects, and NASA is not allowed to make military decisions; 3) operating Redstone would cost more than NASA's total \$301 million budget in overhead and equipment.

In a desperate rearguard action, Army hinted reasonably that it would gladly let NASA have the jet propulsion lab and other installations if it could only keep Redstone-and there it would take on any chores NASA assigned, "All we need to do," Medaris argued, "is put up a new wicket gate where they can hand in their orders." Added point: if Army could prevent an ultimate decision by the President until year's end, it would probably get to keep Redstone for good. Under the law creating the civilian agency to control space operations, NASA cannot take over military facilities after December 31 without express permission from Congress,

ARMED FORCES Foxhole Progress

In the age of jets, nuclear submarines, atomic bombs, missiles and electronic computers, science and military planners have been painfully slow coming to the rescue of the foot soldier. But last fortnight the Continental Army Command at Fort Monroe, Va. displayed an arsenal of new gear designed to give the well-armed G.I. more mobility, independence of action and firepower in the next war, Items: ¶ Explosive foxhole digger, a 5-lb. gadget that blasts a hole in the ground that is 3½ ft. deep, 3 ft. wide.

Armored vest protects against small, low-velocity fragments, is lighter than Korean war armor, better designed for protection at vital throat areas.

Infra-red binoculars for night viewing;

infra-red filters for vehicle headlights. Infra-red weapons sight kit, which can

be attached to any small arms as well as to recoilless rifles and rocket launchers. @ Silent-sentry radar set, resembling oldstyle box camera on a tripod, picks up movement within 800 yds. under any

conditions. I Mobile radar, mounted on two twowheel trailers can instantly pinpoint hidden enemy mortars more than six miles distant (mortar fire accounted for more

than half the Army's World War II and Korean war casualties). I One-shot flamethrower made of aluminum, weighing 27 lbs. (v. conventional

72 lbs.), carries two gallons of fuel, is discarded after use, later is picked up for refitting.

C Ultrafast-opening parachute for lowaltitude (100 ft.) jumps, is activated by two explosive charges, opens in 8/10 sec., stabilizes in 13 ft.; quick-release parachute harness enables chutist to flip free in high ground winds and rough terrain.

¶ M-14 rifle replacing the familiar Garand M-1 (adopted in 1936), weighs a pound less (8.7 lbs.), has a 20-round magazine (v. 8 rounds), fires 7.62-mm. NATO ammunition, which is smaller and lighter than the old .30-cal. ammo. Gone: the bayonet. Interchange of barrels makes the M-15, automatic version of the M-14, almost 7 lbs. lighter than the Browning Automatic Rifle.

¶ M-60 machine gun also fires 7.62-mm. ammo, replaces light and heavy .30-cal. machine guns of World War I vintage. The first true infantry assault gun of its kind, it can be fired from bipod, tripod, hip or shoulder, weighs 23 lbs. (v. 30-40 lbs.), is designed for quick replacement of barrel.

Irradiated food, treated to kill any germ-producing material in most perishable foods, can be kept in a simple plastic bag, be preserved almost indefinitely without refrigeration; small air-insulated canteens that can keep food hot for 24 hours in subzero weather.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Winner & Champion

The best victories are the ones so well prepared that they come easy and seem effortless. Such a victory did Charles de Gaulle win last week. Within one month of earning his overwhelming election mandate, he used that triumph to put himself clearly on top, and clearly in charge, both in France and in Algeria.

De Gaulle's triumph, conducted for the most part in discreet silences and behind the scenes, was nonetheless the climax of an epic political struggle. In Algeria, De Gaulle's first objective had always been to break the illicit power of the Committees of Public Safety-the hard-nosed. ruthless union of right-wing settlers and political colonels that sparked the Algiers insurrection of last May and prepared De Gaulle's way to power (TIME, May 26

et seq.). De Gaulle did not move against the committees until the referendum gave him true legitimacy and an overwhelming public mandate. Early this month, when a pair of Algerian Moslem visitors privately reported to him that the Algiers Committee of Public Safety had already chosen a list of "approved Moslem candidates" for next month's election to the French National Assembly, he decided to act. "What imbeciles!" exploded De Gaulle. "The future of Algeria depends on these elections, and here they are circulating lists designed to sabotage all the plans. Still seething. De Gaulle fired off a peremptory directive to General Raoul Salan, French commander in chief in Algeria, In it De Gaulle ordered that:

Moslems of every political stripe must be free to run for office, excepting only active members of the rebel F.L.N. with criminal charges against them. Even candidates who favor outright Algerian independence must be allowed to run.

All soldiers must resign "without de-¶ Seizures of newspapers in Algeria must stop unless Salan's administrators were prepared to bring legal charges against the editors involved.

Raoul Salan-oldtime professional soldier and no man to be caught in the midst of a fight if he could help itcharacteristically tried to avoid trouble by keeping these orders to himself. Relentlessly. De Gaulle forced his hand. One morning last week an aide came into Salan's office to find the general shaking with dismay, "Paris," wailed Salan, "has published the directive!"

Man in Armor. The time had come to stand up and be counted. Paratroop General Jacques Massu, the figurehead copresident of the Algiers Public Safety

Algerian Rebel Leader Ferhat Abbas.

Committee, promptly if grumpily strode into a committee meeting, accompanied by subordinates in white uniforms, to announce: "Gentlemen, in execution of the order of the chief of government, we quit." Undeterred, the civilian members of the committee called for a general strike against De Gaulle's directive.

But the cold fact was that without the army's support, the European diehards of Algiers had lost their power to blackmail Paris, And when Paratrooper Massu warned, "If there is trouble in the streets, the army will have to oppose it," the Committee of Public Safety began to deflate like a leaky tire. Three Moslem members expressed "total disagreement" with the strike plans. From Paris the committee's secretary-general, Algerian Publisher Alain de Serigny, telegraphed his resigna-

Among the newspapers recently confiscated in

DE GAULLE The climax of an epic struagle.

tion. Undone, the remaining members of the committee swallowed their pride and called off the strike. Said one: "There's no point in punching a man who is wearing a suit of armor.'

The Challenger. De Gaulle's bloodless triumph in Algeria electrified all France. Even so outspoken an opponent of De Gaulle's coming to power as ex-Premier

Pierre Mendès-France declared: "We only ask to share the effort led by the man who has rendered such great services to his country.

But this triumph in Algeria was only one phase of an even more important battle that De Gaulle was simultaneously fighting in France. In Paris. De Gaulle's authority has largely been made manifest by his burly and ambitious Information Minister Jacques Soustelle. As the man who had masterminded the Algiers revolt, Soustelle served as the key link between De Gaulle and the Algerian right-wingers. Starting from this base, Soustelle hoped to build a power position so strong that De Gaulle, as President, would be forced to name Soustelle Premier following next month's election. Already, without De Gaulle's encouragement, Soustelle had welded 100 small Gaullist factions into a well-organized party called The Union for the New Republic, Capitalizing on the De Gaulle name, Soustelle, with his

France's government. Blasted Dreams. De Gaulle's first move against Soustelle came fortnight ago, when the general laid down the rules for electing the first Parliament of the new Fifth Republic. To Soustelle's dismay. De Gaulle rejected the old system of proportional representation-in which voters could choose only party lists, instead of individual candidates-in favor of single-member constituencies, much like U.S. congressional districts. As De Gaulle well knew, the system he had chosen was one that would give a big electoral edge to old-line parties (particularly the Socialists), instead of the oneparty movement organized by Soustelle.

one-party bloc, planned to dominate

Next blow to Soustelle's ambitions was De Gaulle's directive to Salan, Confident that the Algerian settlers and the soldiers would get the "right" kind of Moslem candidates elected, Soustelle had counted on having the 70 Deputies from Algeria and the Sahara in his pocket. Free and direct elections would change all that,

Furious at his setbacks, Soustelle stalked into De Gaulle's office in the Hôtel Matignon one night late last week, for the last round in his long battle. Bluntly he demanded permission to form a massive right-wing coalition in De Gaulle's name, Unmoved, Charles de Gaulle icily refused to give way.

The Birth of Hope. With Soustelle under control and the Committees of Public Safety reduced to impotence. De Gaulle had finally put himself in a position to experiment with a liberal policy in Algeria, Ruefully impressed by De Gaulle's sweeping referendum victory in Algeria (TIME, Oct. 6), the rebel F.L.N. has in recent weeks repeatedly proclaimed its willingness to negotiate with France. As one index of its peaceful intentions, the F.L.N. arranged to release some of its captured French prisoners this week.

So far, despite the fact that De Gaulle has sent emissaries to Cairo to sound out the rebels, no serious cease-fire negotiations have taken place. But last week both Tunisian and Moroccan leaders were trying to persuade the rebels to keep quiet during next month's elections, on the understanding that the Moslem Deputies to be elected in Algeria would be regarded by De Gaulle as his intermediaries with the F.L.N. Whether or not the rebels agreed to this scheme, it was a measure of Charles de Gaulle's political accomplishments that, for the first time in four bloody years, responsible men saw cause to hope for a peaceful settlement of the Algerian war

Madagascar's Choice

Atop a hill in Tananarive, the capital of the great French island of Madagascar. stands a rose-colored palace that once housed the royal rulers of the land, Pointing to it one day last August, Charles de Gaulle, the first French Premier ever to set foot on the island, solemnly told a throng of 30,000: "Tomorrow you will be a state once more, as you were when that palace was inhabited." Last week, having voted an overwhelming (79%) yes for De Gaulle's constitution, the Malagasy, as the inhabitants of Madagascar are known, took the general at his word. In Tananarive cannons boomed 123 times to proclaim that Madagascar had become the first French territory to opt for independence within the French community. We are no longer a colony," cried Prime Minister Philibert Tsiranana, "We are a free nation, and we will have a national anthem and a national flag."
"Better to Advance." Lying 250 miles

east of the African mainland, larger than France and Belgium combined, Madagascar had a highly developed form of law and government before the Europeans and government before the Europeans not African, being predominantly of Malayor-Polynesian stock. Nor are its plants and animal life. Madagascar is the Malayor Holynesian stock or are its plants and animal life. Madagascar is the soc known varieties of butterflies, nearby 300 kinds of birds, half of which are found nowhere else. It is also the home of the once proud Merina tribe, which with century.

Greatest of the Merina kings was Andriaamspoinimerina ("The Prince desired by the Merina"), who ruled from 1758 until 1850. Riding in state about his kingdom in a purple-draped palanquin, he divided the country up into welladministered provinces, organized a corps of professional divil servants. His warrior would warn his soldiers, "Better to advance and risk being killed by the enemy



GENERALS MASSU & SALAN
Dismay in the morning.

than to retreat and be sure of being burned alive"—carried on his work. He imported British soldiers to train his army, welcomed the schools of French and British missionaries. But his successors began to quarrel with the growing French settlement. In 180s France finally took over

Promise Kopt. Relations between the two countries reached their lowest point in 1947, when the French ruthlessly put down a rebellion (estimates of rebel dead run from 10,000 to 80,000). They reached their highest point list year, when Madagascar elected its first territorial government of the proposed for the proposed of the proposed for the proposed proposed to the proposed for the proposed f



Jacques Soustelle Defeat in the evening.

A schoolteacher who got into politics through the teachers' union, Frencheducated Tsiranana campaigned vigorously for the De Gaulle constitution. As De Gaulle promised, the Tsiranana government will run all local affairs, leaving to the French "community" currency, foreign policy and defense.

Tahiti's Troubles

When he sat in the uproar of the National Assembly in Paris, Pouvanaa Oopa, sole representative of Tahiti and its sister Pacific islands of French Polynesia, was the mildest of men. But back home in peaceful Tahiti, Pouvanaa Oopa became a terror in paradise.

There beside the whisper of the surf, Oopa, who was once a fried-potato vendor and then a carpenter, roared like a Paris Assemblyman, Under the slogan, "Tahiti for the Tahitians; Frenchmen into the sea!". Oopa's Democratic Rally of the Tahitian People swept last year's elections, and Oopa, 63, became Premier of Polynesia. Oopa accused the French of allowing the islands' copra-and-phosphate economy to stagnate in the face of a population explosion that has doubled the population (to 70,000) in 25 years. Hoping to win greater control over an economy dominated by French and Chinese businessmen, he pushed through an unheard-of income tax. A shopkeepers' strike and the fury of well-organized rioters, who stoned the Territorial Assembly building, forced its repeal.

In last month's referendum on De Gaulle's new French constitution, Oopa renewed the cry of "Frenchmen into the sea!", urged Polynesians to vote for independence. The Polynesians voted, by a 2-to-1 margin, to stick with France.

One night last week police came upon Oopa in the sleepy streets of Papeete, Tahiti's capital. In his hand, they said, was a Molotov cocktail. With him were 50 henchmen, and, in a city largely built of wood, all were carrying either firearms or firebombs. In a raid on Oopa's home, police rounded up more henchmen, found more bombs, At week's end Pouvanaa Oopa was behind bars, and no longer functioning as Premier.

Among the Fleas

In a burst of moral indignation, the city fathers of Paris once ordered a roundup of vagrants. The police herded together a motley crowd of itinerant peddlers, rag and iron merchants, sidewalk salesmen. Loaded down with their bundles, dragging handcarts behind them, they straggled past Montmartre, cut through the Porte de Clignancourt and onto the plain of Saint-Ouen, where the army occasionally held maneuvers. Here the evicted peddlers settled down, offered their trinkets for sale to passers-by. When the army seemed not to object, they put up awnings over their merchandise, built flimsy wooden booths, They sold everything from ormolu clocks to cracked washbasins, and one of their most popular items was a cheap, "hard" mattress, usually filled with fleas. Thus, back in the 1800s, the famed Paris Flea Market began

The merchants of the Flex Market last week were one again under pressure from the authorities to move. Their Marché aux Places has grown into a cluster of six Places has grown into a cluster of six tumble-down booths and rachitic sheds threaded by wandering, roofed passage-ways and covering an area of 150 acres. There are about 1500 shops, employing some 10,000 people, with a yearly turn-turn of the property of

Birdboths & Bikes. On dusty tables and counters in the dark little shops lie Baccarat crystal, Sèvres china, slightly used false teeth, kitchen gadgets, books, paintings, precious stones, carpets, birdbaths, old bicycle tires, bottles. A browser once found, between a bust and a bidet, Fragonard's painting, La Chemise Enlevée, and bought it for 20 francs; it is now worth millions of francs. Other lucky buyers uncovered original works sold in their impoverished days by Vlaminck, Cézanne, Utrillo, Modigliani.

Libration of the control of the control of the works of famous painters have been along with the hargins. Student copies of the works of famous painters have been sold to the unwary. And prices for authentic antiques can often be higher in the Flea Market than in the expensive antique shops of the fashionable Faubourg Saint-Honoré—in fact, canny antique dealers work both sides of the street. Sitting in their shop armshairs, slowly polishing their copper caseroles and warming pans, their copper caseroles and warming pans, their copper caseroles and warming pans, and the street of a mess surrounds an object, the more a customer thinks, he has made a find.

Golden Eggs. But the suburbs of Paris have slowly closed in on the Flee Market. Bulldozers appeared on the old Saint-Ouen parade ground. Four big housing developments rose 14 stories above the plain. Schools, children's playgrounds, sport fields, tree-lined avenues, a hospital annex are planned—and the Flea Market is in the way.

Mayor Fernand Lefort called in the Association of Flea Market Merchants, showed off designs for a handsome new Flea Market of 1,000 booths—even, for old times' sake, arranged in a labyrinth pattern of circling passageways, yet leaving room for five new housing blocks.

The anarchists of the Plea Market suspiciously studied the plan. Who would pay for it? The government—dors, ça us. But it was not grand enough. They countered with an elaborate design of their own: a grandiose belt of buildings, at the center of which would stand the market. The entrance to this pushcart palace would be a monumental door, flanked by two towers.

The mayor and his councilors grouned, complained that the design looked more like the Brussels World's Fair than a Flea Market, noted that it saved little if any ground for housing developments, and that its cost would be beyond the resources of Saint-Ouen or the government. But, Mayor Lefort assured the skeptical But, Mayor Lefort assured the skeptical interests at heart: "There is no question of suppressing the Flea Market. It is one of the hens that lays golden eggs for France."

COMMUNISTS

Hygiene of the Soul The trouble with Communism, as many

a disgrantled Polish diner-out can testify, may be studied at close range in any state-run restaurant. When signaled, a Polish waiter turns his back. When plucked by the sleeve as he saunters by, the waiter sansy, "Kolega," meaning it is not his table. Menus sometimes are claborate and ecocative, but when asked to serve some dish other than fried pork were: "Micma" (There jait) ander an

swers: "Miema" (There isn't any).
State-owned restaurants are divided into Class I, II and III, which is trailed by Poles as "poor, terrible and lated by Poles as "poor, terrible and owned restaurants, but they differ from the state-owned only in the fact that the customer may have to wait 20 instead of 50 minutes before his presence is acknowledged by the sullen and inefficient nearly every restaurant is the scene of brawis and near brawls between outraged customers and stony-eyed waiters.

Crabmeat for Vasya. The government has tried and abandoned a succession of incentive plans. When waiters got a percentage of each individual check, they pushed vodka at the expense of food. despite a government campaign against alcoholism. Last week the government tried again with a new plan permitting waiters to divide 20% of the restaurant's total monthly income from food. In the first days of the plan's operation, service was nearly as bad as ever. Said one doleful Pole: "The only way to get a decent meal in Warsaw is to patronize a private restaurant operated by someone vou know-like your mother. In Moscow, where the food and service

is better but not much, the Soviet government is also grappling with the restaurant problem. Moskovskaya Pravda related the sad story of Comrade Lopatkin, director of Moscow's popular Dynamo restaurant. who first fell from grace when his pet cat, Vasya, lost its appetite, Disdaining offerings of liverwurst, white bread, porridge and grapes, the cat did agree to eat the best canned crabmeat from the restaurant's storeroom, and was soon wolfing a can a day, Next, Lopatkin's wife admired the restaurant chandelier, and Lopatkin sent it home. Before long, Lopatkin had outfitted his dacha with restaurant furnishings from teapots to carpets.



THE FLEA MARKET OF PARIS
Slightly used false teeth, a bust, a bidet, a memorable chemise.





CANAL BOSS YOUNIS & SUEZ CONVOY They said it couldn't be done.

Stuffed Pocket, Needing money, Lopatkin exchanged confidences with Comrade Traibman, director of the Severny restaurant, Together, they put the squeeze on the wages of their waiters, chefs, concessionaires. To make up their losses, the staff began shortchanging customers, went into private enterprise by marketing candy and pastry on the side, Then Comrade Akopov, the august manager of the Moscow Restaurant Trust, descended on Lopatkin, roared: "What an outrage! Maybe you think I don't know what you're up to!" With trembling hands, Lopatkin pulled out 1.000 rubles (Traibman kicked in with 1,500). Comrade Akopov stuffed the money in his pocket, demanded more.

The swindlers have all been caught now, crowed Moskovskaya Pravda, but there was a moral to be learned: "We worry a lot over the cleanliness of tablecloths and plates in restaurants and sanitation in the kitchen. This is right. But we must not forget that the most important thing is hygiene of the soul, the crystal cleanliness of those the state has chosen to serve our people." No forwarding addresses were given for Comrades Akopov, Traibman and Lopatkin.

U.A.R.

Success at Suez

Two years after that wild day when the Egyptians sank 40 ships to plug the Suez Canal, the world's No. 1 international waterway hummed last week with peaceful trade, and a golden flood of hard-currency tolls poured into President Nasser's United Arab Republic treasury.

Some of the hulks dredged up by U.N. salvagers and dumped in the shallows still jut from corners of Port Said harbor; a few weatherworn propaganda posters still flap from the city's walls, and the scarred stump of the statue of Canal Builder Ferdinand de Lesseps, torn down by mobs celebrating the departure of the last Anglo-French invaders, still stands at the canal entrance. Vastly more in evidence. as Egyptians prepared to celebrate the second anniversary of Nasser's Suez "vicwere the 385 ships that his Suez Canal Authority shuttled through the canal last week with smooth efficiency, Good operation of the ditch is now taken for granted, even by those who predicted so darkly back in 1956 that the Egyptians

would make a mess of it. "Only the Best." Since Nasser seized the canal, his men have put 28,949 ships through without a single serious accident, One day last March an alltime record of 84 ships passed through the canal. By all signs, this month will set another record. Last August the U.S. aircraft carrier Essex, with a deck half again wider than that of any ship transiting the canal before, showed up at Port Said on an emergency dash to reinforce the Seventh Fleet off Formosa. The Egyptians eagerly built a special platform on the deck, and from this vantage their senior pilot, a Greek with 30 years' experience, conned the flattop through, nonstop. "I'm trying to give my customers the best." says the authority's able, open-shirted Managing Director Mahmoud Younis, 46, a fellow soldier of Nasser's with good engineering experience. "I realize they have to come to me because there is only one canal, but I also want them to come because they know they will be well served."

Younis has bought new equipment trimmed the canal banks with the help of 30,000 fellaheen digging by hand, and dredged the canal to the old maximum depth of 35 feet. The workmen, pilots and supervisory staff are paid from booming revenues. Younis says the authority tool in about \$110 million last year, and paid it. His hastily recruited 220 pilots, replacing those who walked off in a body one day, include six Americans, 21 West Germans, 40 from Communist countries, and 100 Egyptians. They have worked well. By way of improvement, Younis hopes to install radar, walkie-talkies for pilots, and eventually closed-circuit TV to control

headquarters ashore. He also talks of building a smaller canal paralleling the present one, to facilitate passing. All this will take major outside financial aid.

Achievement, "The thing you hear from most shipping people," says one U.S. observer in Cairo, "is that the old company was consistently arrogant, the Egyptians consistently courteous and helpful." Considering all the sneers at Egyptian ineptitude, the Egyptians have chalked up in their first two years a creditable achievement.

SAUDI ARABIA Sticking Point

Eight years after Aramco, the U.S .owned Arabian American Oil Co., introduced into the Middle East the magic fifty-fifty formula of splitting production profits with the governments concerned. the numbers game no longer has its old magic. The formula was often broken while still technically honored-through side bonuses, generous rentals, air-conditioned Cadillacs or airplanes presented to sheiks. But on one matter the major oil companies of the world, which may compete at filling-station pumps but frequently join in partnership abroad, were adamant. They would split with Arab governments only at the production stage, would not let governments in on the profits of marketing. This week negotiations are heading for a showdown in Jidda between the Saudi Arabian government and one of the biggest U.S. oil companies that could upset the whole grand scheme.

Latecomer. On the one side is the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, a Midwestern giant which has belatedly joined the rush for overseas reserves and is ready to pay to get in on the comparatively few good areas still unallocated in the Middle East, For an offshore Iranian concession earlier this year. Indiana Standard paid a \$25 million cash bonus, promised to spend \$82 million in twelve years developing the area, and by accepting the state oil agency as equal operating partner entitled to half of future profits, in effect gave the Iranians a 75-25 share of total profits. The big established companies were bothered but not outraged.

They are more concerned by the deal being discussed by Indiana Standard with Saudi Arabia. At the bargaining table sits swart, smiling Sheik Abdullah Tariki, 30. the Arab oil expert whom Americans most respect and fear. Head of the Saudi office of Petroleum and Mineral Affairs, Tariki is an oil engineer with a master's degree from the University of Texas, is divorced from his American wife. His dedicated Arab nationalism is reportedly deepened by painful memories of having been confused with Mexicans in Texas. In the land of sheiks with Cadillacs and concubines. he is regarded as personally incorruptible. He has long felt that Arab countries should share in profits made on their oil outside the country as well as in it. Last December he struck an offshore oil deal with Japanese oilmen for an "integrated company" that would produce, ship and market Saudi oil and split profits 56-44 all the way up to the filling-station pump.

Ready to Wait. For Indiana's enterprisers, who are bidding for a choice zone around the capital city of Riyadh, Tariki hiked his opening demand to a 60-40 profit split, also "integrated" right up to the gas pump. Indiana's President John Eldred Swearingen publicly rejected these terms last week, but was obviously ready to bargain further. Foreign oilmen pointed out that Tariki's deal with the Japanese promised at best small profit in limited markets, and only after years of waiting; Western companies alone, with their tanker fleets, refining facilities and extensive marketing systems, can offer an immediate and sizable outlet for Middle East oil. The feudal princes of Saudi Arabia, who have overdrawn on their big profits to support their luxurious living, are interested in getting the most possible revenue now. But Tariki, an admirer of Nasser, shows a disposition to settle for less revenue now, which in his view is wasted on palaces and princes, in favor of Arab control of future oil marketing. On this point. the major Western companies insist, they must never yield.

LEBANON

Back in Balance

The trolley cars were running in Beirut again, though it was a bumpy ride through streets torn and pitted by five months of civil war. Joyous bonfires were lit, the shops rolled up their shutters, the barricades began to come down. Shots rang out, but only in celebration; peace had come at last to Lebanon.

For nearly a month there had been a fresh wave of kidnapings and killings. Though the fighting that the U.S. Marines had been sent in to discourage had presumably ended with the election of an above-the-battle general, Fuad Chehab, as President, it quickly broke out anew. Chehab's choice for Premier, a pro-Nasser rebel named Rashid Karami, had loaded his Cabinet with Nasserites. The precarious fifty-fifty balance of Christians and Moslems, which alone has kept Lebanon tranquil in the past, was broken again. This time it was the Christians who became the rebels.

But as the fighting went on, one man among the Christians worked for peace. Lawyer Raymond Edde, 45, the son of a former Lebanese President, headed what he called a Third Force movement (known to U.S. newsmen, in its intefficients Edde most able and respected politicians, Edde most able and respected politicians, Edde state of the control of the con



LAWYER EDDE
"Save the nation!"

who wants no part of Arab nationalism. A moderate Moslem was picked as No. 3 man, and Edde himself as No. 4. On this formula all hands last week

agreed. The Chamber of Deputies, which only a few days before had threatened to topple the Karami government, gave the four-man Cabinet a unanimous vote of confidence. As the news spread, street fighters and terrorists put down their arms. A delegation from Beirut's Moslem rebels even paid a courtesy coffee call on their former enemies at the headquarters of the Christian Phalange, The U.S. embassy declared the situation so improved that it was safe for American dependents to return to the country. The new Cabinet rescinded an earlier order expelling Nasser's ambassador from Beirut. The gesture reflected Lebanon's new-style neutralism -a desire to live in harmony with both the West and with Nasser, though becoming an ally of neither. And that was quite all right with the U.S., whose troops can hardly wait to leave.

ARAB LEAGUE

Defying Nasser

In the Arab world a leader has to decide whether to play along with Nasser's Arab "brotherhood" or to play against it. Neither choice has paid off well, since Nasser's idea of brotherhood is one in which he alone is Big Brother. After months of the lane is Big Brother. After months of Cairo Radio, Tunisia, Santa the cawing Bourguith after weeks ago decided to join the Arab League, a Cairo organization now dominated by Nasser.

At their very first session, the Tunisian delegates attacked "some Arab countries that attempt to dominate the leagues' meetings." In a huff, the Egyptian delegation walked out, Since this might be admitting that the charge was true and the shoe pinched, the Egyptians returned four days better, fall of glossy assurances of "our Lucker, fall of glossy assurances of "our sincere cordaility." But without quitting sincere cordaility." But without quitting the Arab League. Tunisis took a further step last week; it broke off diplomatic retains with Cairo. Why the abrupt shift?

Habib Bourquiba told his Constituent Assembly: "We have the proof that our disagreement with the U.A.R. is more than a simple misunderstanding." In Cairo lives the exided Salah ben Youssef, who once tought alongside Bourquiba in the hattle for Tunisian independence. Ben Youssef, says Bourquiba, has made seven attempts to kill him, has organized a private army soldiers. Bourquiba now has evidence, he went on, that Nasser's government was enging on Ben Youssef's conspiracy.

Anticipating Nasser's propagandists, Bourguiba said defiantly: "Yes, I am Western, and I will remain so," Tunisia's pro-Western policy, he said, "has enabled us to avoid many troubles." Nasser, he declared, is "not aware of the danger of Communism. Once the Iron Curtain drops, there is no escape."

Morocco, which joined the league when Tunisia did, refused to go along with Bourguiba's attack, Said one Moroccan lawyer, however: "Bourguiba is terribly awkward, but he said what most of us believe. The Egyptians take millions from the Communists and have the nerve to call us lackeys for accepting a penny from America."

Lackey was one of the mildest words Cairo had for Bourguiba. Nasser's radios warned the Tunisian President that he faces "the same destiny as Nuri as-Said," the assassinated Premier of Iraq.

ISRAEL

Day of Atonement

On the day of the Israeli attack on Egypt in 1955, the army commander in central Israel ordered a 5 p.m. curiew enforced in Arab villages near the Jordan border. Colonel Issachar Shadmi told Major Shmud Malinki of the border police that this order was to be strictly enforced, that any villager found abroad after the curfew hour was to be shot. In midafternoon Major Malinki passed the order



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along to his company commanders, add-"May Allah have mercy on their souls." On the stroke of 5. Lieut, Gabriel Dehan deployed his constables in three groups around the Arab village of Kfar Kassim. In the next hours his cops shot and killed 43 men, women and children as they cycled and trudged homeward. unaware of the sudden curfew order, from afternoon visits across the fields and from work in the fields and in nearby Tel Aviv.

In a nation that feels itself menaced on all sides by Arab nations sworn to its destruction, so ugly an episode might have been disregarded or forgotten. But six weeks after the Sinai invasion, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion publicly confirmed the massacre of Kfar Kassim's villagers "coming home in all innocence and led Parliament in a solemn expression of contrition. The government paid indemnity to the victims' families (\$2,500 to \$3,500), brought the killers to court Last week, after a trial that lasted through 102 sittings and took 5,000 pages of evidence, a special military court sentenced Major Malinki Lieut, Dehan and six subordinates to prison terms ranging from seven to 17 years.

In pronouncing sentence, Judge Benjamin Halevi said: "There are important considerations for not imposing the severest sentence [life imprisonment], the main consideration being that none of the eight men found guilty initiated the order, but all acted as instruments in transmitting and implementing it." But the judgment added, it is Israeli criminal law, inherited from the British, that an Israeli soldier must disregard an order to commit a "manifestly unlawful" act-one so monstrous that "it blinded the eyes and stabbed at the heart" of the "average" person.

IRAN

Bypassing the Arabs To free its oil from the entanglement of

Arab politics and the dangers of a blockaded Suez Canal. Iran last week signed an agreement with its Baghdad Pact partner, Turkey, for a \$500 million oil pipeline. Presumably, oil from the rich new northern field of Qum will be piped over the mountains to a Mediterranean port in southern Turkey. Estimated savings in oil transport costs: 90%.

The High Cost of Giving

Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, sole owner of the crown's 2.5 million acres, is Iran's biggest single landholder. Since 1950 he has distributed his vast farm properties to the peasants of some 100 of his villages. To help establish a new class of independent farmers, a Development Bank has lent the new small holders money at low interest. But his fellow landlords (who own 70% of Iran's arable acres, the vast majority of its 40,000 villages) have heeded neither the Shah's example nor his exhortations to sell some of their land to the peasants. In fact, at one point a few years ago, the landlords were so embarrassed by the Shah's generosity that they even persuaded the gov-



Embarrassing generosity.

ernment to stop the Shah's own sales to sharecroppers.

But the revolution in neighboring Iraq that swept King Feisal to his death last summer and touched off sweeping land reform appears to have strengthened the Shah's reforming hand in Iran, Last week, though the landlords of Iran are as numerous and as niggardly as ever in the national parliament and ministries, the Shah boldly cut off one of their most cherished privileges. Through the years, on top of their usual fat share of their tenants crops, landlords have been accustomed to take "gifts" from their peasants of "cattle, lambs, chickens, eggs, marriage dues, fines for quarreling, and presents taken on the eye of festivals," Effective at once, the government of Iran ordered provincial governors and police to put a stop to all such practices.

BELGIAN CONGO After 50 Years

Under red, blue, green and yellow lights at a club in Léopoldville's sprawling native quarter, women in grass skirts and men with chalked bodies stomped to the hard rap of a hollow-log drum. Then Gerald Tzinga and his Rock-a-Mambo Band took over, and white-shirted clerks sedately circled the concrete floor with their partners. With dances, military parades, bicycle races, football matches and the mass distribution of medals for faithful service, the Congo celebrated last week the 50th anniversary of its annexation by Belgium.*

The half-century has seen the Congo

From Belgium's King Leopold II. In the 1880s, when Europe was busy dividing up the continent of Africa, he laid personal claim to the largely uncharted Congo Free State. But Leopold's rubber gatherers maimed, tortured and oppressed the natives to such an extent that world revulsion caused the Belgian government to annex the King's domain.

achieve an economic miracle, become the world's leading producer of industrial diamonds, cobalt, uranium, and one of the major exporters of copper and tin. During World War II the Congo even paid the bills for the Belgian government in exile. While Britain and France poured large sums into overseas territories, the Congo colony's \$960 million ten-year development plan has been 70% financed by the Congo itself. Not only whites have profited. For the Congo's African citizens there are 2,468 hospitals and dispensaries: more than 1,300,000 Congolese children are in primary school (in higher education, the number drops sharply to 12,000).

The colonial government's paternal approach was to give the people plenty of economic benefits to keep their minds off their lack of political rights. One Belgian describes the policy as that of a parent who says to his children at table, "Don't talk with your mouths full."

But the political paroxysm shaking all Africa has even sent tremors into the calm heartland of the Congo, Last year Belgium permitted limited elections for the first time, and 13 black and five white mayors took office. Settled in modernistic offices, well paid, and furnished with chauffeur-driven Opel sedans, the African mayors were supposed to act as agents of Belgian authority, Instead, some assumed the old prerogatives of tribal chiefs and seized firm political control of the native communes. Recently African intellectuals in Léopoldville united to form the Congo's first native political party, with the aim of "independence" but "in a reasonable time and by means of peaceful negotiations." Whites are agitating for more local autonomy and have set up the Union Katangaise with the separatist aim of breaking up the Congo into a number of smaller states, each with control of its own affairs, and responsible to Brussels instead of the colonial government general. Yet at week's end Léon Pétillon, Min-

ister of the Belgian Congo, a veteran of 17 years in Africa, was able to say soothingly to a huge crowd in Léopoldville: "Be not upset about your future. Have care for it, but not fear: Belgium is conscious of the needs of your nascent political state. Cast a backward glance at all that has been accomplished during the last 50 vears. Why should the future be less generous to you than the past?" The only unanswered question: Would the future be as generous to Belgium?

SOUTH AFRICA Back to the Beginning

Nearly two years had passed since the police rounded them up-a mixed bag of 91 teachers, lawyers, doctors, labor leaders and even housewives whose crime it had been to oppose South Africa's racial apartheid. Charged with high treason and conspiracy to overthrow the government by revolution, they had all lost their jobs. been sustained almost entirely by a defense fund raised by sympathizers at home and abroad. Last week in Johannesburg, as South Africa tensely watched and waited, the absurdity of the charges against







For colds, if you take aspirin or buffered aspirin, two aspirin tablets are more effective than one as a pain reliever.

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them finally became apparent to all. For two months their brilliant defense counsel, Israel Maisels, Q.C., had hammered away at the Crown's inability to prove that on any particular occasion any of the defendants had preached revolution. At one point he seized a batch of documents that the Crown had introduced as evidence, waved them in the air crying: "Here, my lords, we have a Russian recipe book, an Indian school magazine, a letter saving a check has been lost, another that it has been found. There are 10,000 of these documents and it would be impossible for anybody to read them all," yet when any individual asked what the charge against him was, he was referred to the entire body of evidence. Ordered to produce more specific evidence, the Crown narrowed its case to a simple charge of conspiracy. Last week, under Maisels' fire, the Crown withdrew the

That night some of the defendants, black and white together, gathered at a house for a little celebration. Policemen raided the place, acting under a South African law that forbids serving liquor to nonwhites. Meanwhile, the government announced that because the defendants had not yet, during the long preliminary hearings, pleaded either guilty or not guilty, a new indictment would be filed. The 91 defendants were right back where they were nine months ago.

RUSSIA

Crash of the TU-104

indictment entirely.

Unless a U.S.S.R. aircraft crashes outside the Iron Curtain, or crashes with foreign passengers aboard, Soviet Russia never announces a flying accident. Last week a TU-104 jet passenger airliner had aboard four West Germans and a Briton (as well as 16 Chinese Communist officials) when it crashed 380 miles east of Moscow on a flight from Peking to Moscow, killing all 65 aboard. It was the first acknowledged crash of Russia's pride and joy, the Tupolev twin-jet, since it went into general service two years ago.

GREAT BRITAIN The Little Gold Blob

As four lady peers this week for the first time in history took seats in the House of Lords, all eyes rested not on their faces but on their hats. The ladies had not been allowed to choose their own. Instead Sir George Bellew, Garter King of Arms, had chosen one of four designs shown him by the firm of Ede & Ravenscroft, Ltd., robemakers for the Kings of England since the coronation of James II in 1685. His selection: a tricorn lightweight black velour, ornamented on one side with a rosette of gold lace held in place with a small gold sequin button. Worn slightly tilted, it might have had a little style, but Sir George decreed that the hat must be worn "dead straight."

Even the London Times, that everlasting defender of conventional suitability. complained that the tricorn, when worn



LADY PEERS' HAT Dead straight, please.

as Sir George wanted it, presents "a formidable challenge to all but the most piquant of faces," Sir George could not understand what the uproar was about pointed with pride to "the little gold blob," adding: "Very feminine, that."

UNITED NATIONS Not Now, Thank You

Since the United Nations first began. its partisans have urged the creation of a U.N. army to enforce its will. Deriding the idea, Russia's delegate Andrei Vishinsky used to say that such a force would be useful only for parading up and down Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, with Secretary-General Trygve Lie out front on a white charger. In the midst of the Lebanese crisis last August, President Eisenhower called on the U.N. to set up a "stand-by peace force." But last week U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold cautiously rejected the whole idea of a permanent U.N. army, ready to rush off anywhere and any time. The kind of force "generally envisaged," said he, "would be without great practical value," and expensive to boot.

If the U.N. Emergency Force of 5,500 men now works on the Egyptian-Israeli border, said Hammarskiold, this is because Egypt agrees to its presence. A similar force would not have worked in Lebanon, he said, "without soon becoming a party to the internal conflicts among the nationals of the country." Nor could a U.N. force have replaced the British in Jordan, because the Jordanian government flatly refused to admit it.

"At some stage," Hammarskjold conceded, "a standing group of a few military experts might be useful . . . in preparation for meeting possible appeals for an operation." This kind of inexpensive and tentative preparation is also all that the U.S. State Department currently favors.



OCT. 26

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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA: British Columbia at 100

IT is a year of carnival for British Co-lumbia. Vancouver sent invitations all around the world, played host to an army of actors, musicians and athletes in one festival after another. To Queen Elizabeth, the citizens of the province proudly dispatched a 100-ft, totem pole. and the royal family reciprocated by sending Princess Margaret to B.C. to grace the celebrations with her charm. All of this is part of Canada's biggest birthday party: British Columbia is 100 years old, celebrating the day in 1858 when Oueen Victoria, who had scarcely heard of the place, designated the land a crown colony and sent it down the road to union with Canada

At 100, British Columbia has plenty to celebrate—and much more to look forward to, Neatly half again as big as Texas, it is bursting with viality, rippling with Bunyanesque muscles (see color pages). It is the forest province in a forest nation, the greatest fish supplier in a land of fishermen, the source of as much potential hydroelectric power as ten St. Lawrence power projects. British Columbians brag: "We are the right people living in the right pales at the right people living in the right pales at the right people in the properties of the right people living in the right pales at the right time."

Copsule of Gonodo, In a sense, B.C. is Canada in giant capsule form, a pioneer land where the frontiers are just starting to roll back. In the first no years British Columbians managed to glow only about 35% of the available farmland, utilize barely a fraction of their other known natural resources. Yet prosperity is a condition of life, to be greeted with the

same calm pleasure as the monster 25-lb. brook trout (in the East a five-pounder is trophy size) hauled from the rivers.

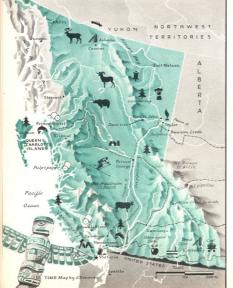
The combination of climate, resources and pioneering enterprise produces a per capita income of \$1,650, 23% above Canada's average. Nowhere do more Canadians (i.e., a higher proportion) own their own homes; nowhere do they spend more money on education and welfare. British Columbians have little of the Easterners' attachment to the major national parties. The province has not had a Liberal or Tory government for 17 years, It perks along with a public works-minded Social Credit movement, whose Premier William Andrew Cecil Bennett takes pains to assure potential investors that their dollars are coming to the right place.

Who has time to stew over politicians anyway? In a roughhewn society that plays as hard as it pioneers, anyone with a yen for variety can leave Vancouver in the morning, go skiing on nearby Grouse Mountain, play golf on the banks of the Fraser in the afternoon, then top off the day with a cooling dip in English Bay.

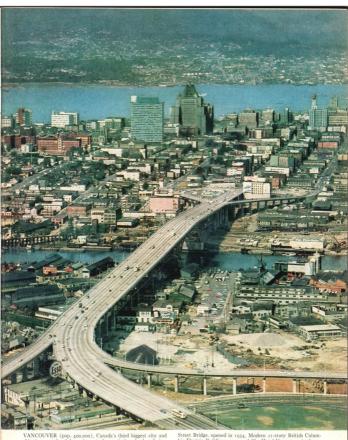
as the control of the

the province was already on its way. For longer than British Columbians care to admit, trapping, timber and gold were enough to satisfy most of the imminatory of the control of the satisfy of the imminatory of the control of the co

World War II provided the economic joil that unlocked nature's treasure house. Tall timbers crashed in a quickening tempe; new metal mines opened up. Commercial fishing became a patriotic duty—and a \$45 million business. To operate the new industry, a flood of immigrants poured in from all over Canada and Westpoord in the property of the property o



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY GEORGE HUNTER



VANCOUVER (pop. 400,000), Canada's third biggest city and shipping port for fish, grain, petroleum, timber, lead and zinc, speeds traffic above congested False Creek docks and industrial area in center of city on eight-lane, \$16.5 million Granville

Street Bridge, opened in 1954, Modern 21-story British Columbia Electric Building, near castlelike Hotel Vancouver in downown district, looks across Vancouver Harbor's Burrard Inlet (rear) to residential area climbing hills of North Vancouver.

THE HEMISPHERE

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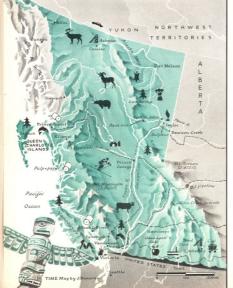
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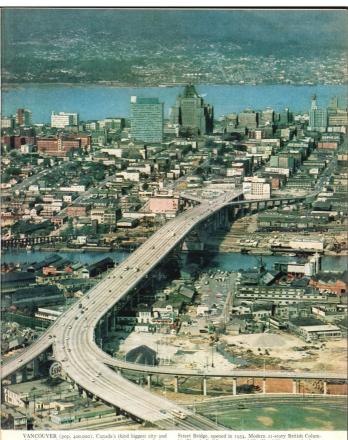
Who has time to stew over politicians anyway? In a roughhewn society that plays as hard as it ploneers, anyone with a yen for variety can leave Vancouver in the morning, go skiing on nearby Grouse Mountain, play golf on the banks of the Fraser in the afternoon, then top off the

day with a cooling dip in English Bay. Straining Men's Energies. From the start British Columbia has strained men's energies. The first Briton to land there. Captain James Cook, put in at Nootka Sound in 1778 to gaze at the stands of tall timber, the schools of ocean salmon and herds of sea otter. Within a few years British merchantmen plied regular routes from the British Columbia coasts with cargoes of furs for China, Britain and the U.S. Pelts were only the beginning. The cry "gold" brought a clamoring horde of adventurers sweeping north from the U.S. to mining camps along the Fraser in the 1850s. By 1885, when a rail line stitched British Columbia to the rest of Canada, the province was already on its way.

World War II provided the economic joil that unlocked nature's treasure house. Tall timbers crashed in a quickening tempo; new metal mines opened up. Commercial fishing became a patriotic duty—and a \$45 million business. To operate the new industry, a flood of immigrants poured in from all over Canada and Westsoneria in the proposition of the control of the proposition of the control of the co



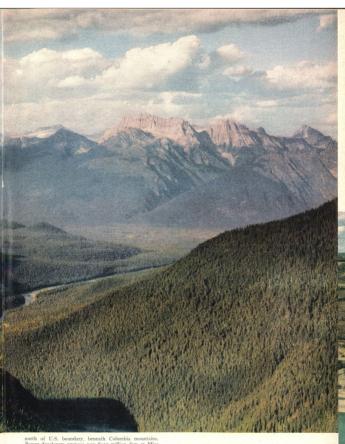
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY GEORGE HUNTER



VANCOUVER (pop. 400,000), Canada's third biggest city and shipping port for fish, grain, petroleum, timber, lead and zinc, speeds traffic above congested False Creek docks and industrial area in center of city on eight-lane, \$16.5 million Granville

Street Bridge, opened in 1954, Modern 21-story British Columbia Electric Building, near castlelike Hotel Vancouver in downtown district, looks across Vancouver Harbor's Burrard Inlet (rear) to residential area climbing hills of North Vancouver.





north of U.S. boundary, beneath Columbia mountains. Power developers propose new \$300 million dam at Mica Creek (*Joreground**) to produce 1,250,000 kw. of electricity.



through British Columbia forests on way from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks, Alaska,

weather supply route, built for Alaskan defense, opened new areas for tourists.



WHEAT FARM covers fertile Peace River valley floor at Bear Flat. The region exports special rust-free wheat seed,

prized throughout North America, and hopes through rapidly rising feed-grain output to attract new cattle industry.





NEW RAIL LINK. \$3,000,000, 3,200-ft, steel bridge and curved wooden trestle, carries province-owned Pacific Great Eastern Railway into northeastern interior.

GAS SCRUBBING PLANT on Peace River at Taylor recovers \$100,000 worth of sulphur and hydrocarbons a day from natural gas, sends scrubbed gas via suspended pipe (right) to Vancouver and U.S. Northwest. Alaska Highway bridge (left) collapsed in 1957; cars are crossing the river on Pacific Great Eastern bridge until a new span can be built.





LOG BOOMS at mouth of Fraser River, center also of 1958's record-breaking salmon catch, store timber from all parts of British Columbia coast before it is sorted for mills.

VICTORIA (pop. 55.000), capital of the province, reminds visitors of charm and loveliness of England. Empress Hotel (right) faces steamer, which makes 80-mile Vancouver run.



spreading suburbs of prosperous picturewindowed homes overlooking the broad, sun-splashed Pacific inlets.

Time of the Giants, Along the receding frontiers, the war and postwar years were a time of giant strides and the expenditure of staggering sums for new aluminum plants, paper and pulp mills, bridges and roads. One of B.C.'s fastest moving entrepreneurs is Frank M. McMahon, 54. who waited, checkbook in hand, one morning in August 1947, when the province opened a land office in Victoria, to parcel out oil prospecting rights in the untested Peace River country. Chairman of the board of Calgary's fast-moving Pacific Petroleums Ltd., McMahon paid \$1,800,ooo for drilling rights on 3,000,000 acres, five years later brought in Peace River's first producer, Today, Peace River ranks as one of the world's great gas fields.

The Poorest Boom." The new need is electricity to power the province's growth. Since 1046. British Columbia Electric Co. has quadrupled its sales of electricity; but even so, the populous lower mainland and Vancouver Island face the prospect of power shortages by 1962, unless some new developments are opened. One mighty project calls for tapping the swift-running Fraser River, which alone could provide enough power to meet British Columbia's needs for years to come. A second idea is to develop the Columbia River, dammed at nine points in the U.S. and nowhere in Canada. The idea is to build a dam on the Columbia at Mica Creek, north of Revelstoke, B.C., to generate 1,250,000 kw.

Like the rest of Canada, B.C. had its share of recession this year. Capital spending for major pipelines, newsprint mills and hydroelectric projects tapered off last year; markets softened for lead, Columbians spoke of the recession as "the poorest boom in years." The province's salmon fishermen had their best season in decades, and farmers, loggers and production-line workers were making—and spending—enough to keep income Fyes Forward. The future, not the Fyes Forward. The future, not the

Eyes Forward. The future, not the past or even the present, is where British Columbia sets its sights. Last year Premier Bennett announced that his government proposed to license Sweden's Mulicular Columbia (Co. 22, 1937) to build a \$200 million-to-\$600 million hydroelectric project on the Peace River, where the electricity 600 miles to Vancouver. Wenner-Gren would also study the possibility of building pulp and paper mills, mines and smelters in the undeveloped northland. Since then, million surveying possible an estimated 50 million surveying possible and sites, prospecting for minerals.

If Wenner-Gren carries out his grand scheme, it will pump new millions into British Columbia's growing economy. If he does not, other investors will sooner or later pour in the necessary millions to unlock the northland's treasure. No one mistakes the lessons of B.C.'s first century. It is only a hint of the possibilities for the next no years. Spain

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PEOPLE

Taking over as the Library of Congress 1058-50 consultant in poetry in English, white-haired, high-shoed, 84-year-old Robert Frost called himself a "Poet in Waiting," demonstrated before newsmen that the west-running brook is still clear at the source. His job in Washington is to encourage the best American poets, and his problem is "how to select. Whom to favor? Not just somebody who says, 'You know me, Al.'" Allusive modern poetry that "doesn't come to some meaning is born dead. Nobody reads it. They write it only for each other." Good poetry is written in "fine, clear pictures." Abstract painting: "A man I know owns a painting of a head with three eyes which he considers priceless. Three eyes!" Ezra Pound's Cantos: "I don't say I'm not up to them: I say they're not up to me. Nobody ought to like them, but some do, and I let them. That's my tolerance." Working conditions for the creative mind: "If I had a beautiful studio, I'd never paint. I'd have ladies visiting.

Following close debate, the name of General Winfield Scott, hero of the Mexican War and top-ranked Union officer in the 1860s, was returned to the membership rolls of the University of South Carolina's Clariosophic Society. The college debaters purged Scott when he stuck by the Union at the outset of the Civil War. A century later, some Clariosophomores still think Virginia's Scott was "a man with the blood of our predecessors dripping from his hands"; but the ayes had seen his glory coming.

Married nearly nine years, Cary Grant and Betsy Drake decided to separate. "We have had, and shall always have, a deep love and respect for each other,



FAIRBANKS & PICKFORD Two of the family.

they proclaimed, "but-alas-our marriage [Grant's third, her first] has not brought the happiness we expected."

Behind great smoky glasses and a slim umbrella, Greta Garbo landed at Idlewild, home from a visit to Europe, A reporter asked: "What brings you to New Vork?" Said Garbo before disappearing: "I live here."

Before the opening of her trial for reckless driving, 23-year-old French Novelist Françoise Sagan chugalugged a quick beer on the steps of the Palace of Justice in suburban Corbeil. The conscience of the go-hoyden-go set, she likes speeds around 100 m.p.h. Hurtling along



One for the road.

near Corbeil in 1957, her Aston-Martin dived into a field and turned over, nearly killing the novelist and three friends.

Visiting in London, the early cinema's Mary Pickford, 65, stopped for a visit at the Kensington home of her slim, well-tailored, onetime stepson: Douglas Fairbanks Jr., 48.

The text of Canon Collins' sermon was "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," but the throng in London's St. Paul's Cathedral had come to hear another voice. Too big for his brown suit, Baritone Paul Robeson began with Crossing Over Jordan, sent a series of wild melodies booming through the cathedral in the first recital of secular songs in the



GARBO Three in an answer.

history of St. Paul's. Afterward, many of the congregation of 4,000 pressed around the American Negro to thank him. "What a great occasion," said Canon Collins. 'He gave his voice to the glory of God." Communist Robeson smiled benignly.

On a world-circling trip, Dr. and Mrs. Lin Yutang stopped off in Hong Kong, where the philosopher-novelist (The Importance of Living, Moment in Peking) told newsmen that "unless we have the courage to face Communism and change from the defensive to the offensive, there's nothing to prevent Communism from becoming the world's victor." Then, flying to Formosa, Dr. Lin stood on Chinese soil for the first time in 14 years, said there should be no cut in the size of the garrisons on beleaguered Quemoy and Matsu.

"From the old Ojibway scholar— Ernest Hemingway," wrote the author himself, inscribing a first-edition copy of The Torrents of Spring to Dr. Don Carlos Guffey, the obstetrician who twice officiated as Hemingway became a Papa. In one of two copies of The Sun Also Rises (1926), Hemingway noted for Dr. Guffey that "the first draft of this book was commenced on my birthday-July 21 in Madrid and it was finished September 6 of the same year-in Paris, and, in the other, that the novel is a "little treatise on promiscuity including a Few Jokes and much valuable travel information." Last week Bibliophile Guffey's library was up for auction, and his collection of Hemingway brought \$19,-805. Main item: the major portion of the handwritten manuscript of Death in the Afternoon, for which Manhattan's House of Books, Ltd. paid \$13,000-one of the highest sums ever given for a manuscript by a living author.

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The fact is that the ownership of a first class watch, a Longines for instance, costs less-rather than more-than cheaper watches. Most warches under \$20 were had been a called a "pin-lever" escapement. Better watches have "jewelled-lever" escapements. Since the escapement is the beating heart of your watch and functions more than 157,000,000 times a year, this difference in construction is obviously visit on solving watch.

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*Except for certain hand-made watches, such as Vacheron & Constantin, selling at approximately 3 times Longines' prices.



Two with Tracy

Spencer Tracy is a man of many moods, and he is rich and famous enough to indulge them-even while the cameras are rolling. In one of two new pictures he worked hard and gave a performance that may well win him an Academy Award. In the other he sulked at the director and hardly bothered to act at all.

The Last Hurrah (John Ford; Columbio) is based on Edwin O'Connor's 1956 bestseller about the bad old days when political machines were run on blarney. graft, openhanded charity and shamrock oil, and about the last of the great Irish-American city bosses in the grand, 19th century manner-a man, the author protests, who is not to be confused with ex-Mayor James Michael Curley of Boston.

In the film, at any rate, there is little danger of confusion. Boston's Curley was a charming, slush-funding, machine-tooled rascal who, on two occasions, found himself awearing o' the stripes when he was caught in the act of fraud. Tracy's Skeffington is just about the dearest old party since Santa Claus: a combination of Robin Hood and Mother Machree. Sure and if he steals, 'tis only from the rich, and doesn't the darlin' man turn right around and give it all to the poor?

Actor Tracy, who bears a certain physical resemblance to Mayor Curley in his political prime, plays the part with more Celtic charm than a carload of leprechauns. The Last Hurrah could easily become one of the biggest sentimental successes since Going My Way left the public quivering like one vast harp.

Like the book, the film tells the story of Skeffington's last campaign. His henchmen go out and get their Irish up, and the whole South Side is voting mad on

election day. But this time the banks (Basil Rathbone) and the church (Donald Crisp) and the big newspaper (John Carradine) combine against the old man. Their candidate is just a "6-ft. hunk of talking putty," but what with a pretty wife, four kids and a rented dog, he looks great on television; and so he carries the day. All alone, the old man walks through the night to his empty home. All alone, he has a heart attack.

And so begins a death scene that for temporal duration (18 minutes) and sentimental excruciation has scarcely been equaled since Sonny Boy kicked the bucket in The Singing Fool (1928). It is a masterpiece that should wring tears from an Ulsterman. But as the henchmen file piteously past the deathbed to murmur their last, tearful goodbyes, the serious sort first and the dopey guy last, many moviegoers may wonder where they have seen the heart-wrenching but somehow faintly silly scene before. A few may remember. It occurs, with only minor variations, in Walt Disney's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

The Old Man and the Sea (Leland Hayward: Warner) suffered from a variety of production ills. Star Spencer Tracy had hot and cold flashes of temperament. Director Fred Zinnemann began the picture, withdrew and was replaced by John Sturges, Producer Leland Hayward went nearly \$3,000,000 over his budget (to \$5,000,000) as he dispatched camera crews to the Caribbean, the Pacific and a tank on the Warner lot in search of suitable fish footage. What has finally reached the screen is, according to Director Sturges, "technically the sloppiest picture I have ever made." The color is rheumy; the process shots would have been laughable in 1939. But the production problems

are minor in comparison with the story problem: Hemingway's fable is no more suitable for the screen than The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock.

In Old Man, Hemingway was fishing for greatness, for another Moby Dick. Like Melville, he was less interested in the physical events of the story than in their metaphysical significance. The fish is Life; the fisherman is Man. But to photograph these grand abstractions requires a lens more sensitive than any the Warner studio seems to have discovered in its locker. Most of the time all the spectator sees is Spencer Tracy sitting in a rowboat and mumbling to himself, and all he hears is Hemingway's own narrative prosing along the sound track.

The script follows the book in almost every detail. The old man comes ashore after his 84th straight day without hooking a fish. A boy (Felipe Pazos), who once fished with him and loves him, helps him with his gear, buys him a beer and some food, talks him to sleep. Next morning the old man sets out again, and from there until he returns three days later with the mutilated skeleton of the marlin lashed to his boat, the picture is wholly concerned with the old man's battle with the marlin and his struggle against sharks.

Director Sturges has tried to preserve the mystical sense of communion between the old man and his fish ("Fish, I love you, and I respect you very much"), and the simplicity of the old man's understanding of his triumph and defeat ("I went out too far"). Unfortunately, Actor Tracy apparently had other ideas. In most roles Tracy plays himself, but usually, out of deference to the part, he plays himself with a difference. This time he plays himself with indifference. Furthermore, on location he was never permitted to catch a marlin, and so the camera could never catch him at it. Result is that Director Sturges must cross-cut so interminablyfish, Tracy, fish, Tracy-that Old Man loses the lifelikeness, the excitement, and above all the generosity of rhythm that the theme requires.

Also Showing

The Decks Ran Red (M-G-M), another high-tension, low-budget movie made by Andrew and Virginia Stone (Julie, Cry Terror!), is a shipboard scareshow that will probably make a good many customers queasy-some because they cannot stand the sight of so much blood, others because they like their terror firmer. The story begins aboard a greasy old freighter when one of the hands (Broderick Crawford) decides that the world has too many people and he has too little money. He knows exactly how to solve both problems at once: murder everybody on board, then claim the ship as salvage. With the help of a misanthropic messmate, he actually makes a good start on this project but meets his match in a courageous captain (James Mason) and a ravishing Maori girl (Dorothy Dandridge). Not that it matters, but the title is misleading. Since the picture is not in color, the decks only run black and white.





TRACY IN "HURRAH" AND "THE OLD MAN" With a difference in one; with indifference in the other.

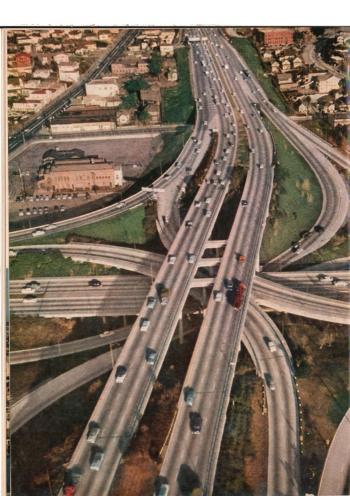


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MEDICINE

From a Sick Chicken

One thing that medicine's learned men once knew, or thought they knew, was that cancer is not infectious. Therefore, no "infectious agent" could be involved in its origin. Then a young (31) researcher just starting in at Manhattan's Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, went to work on a sick Plymouth Rock hen. He took material from a tumor on the bird's breast, ground it ultrafine to smash the very cells, filtered the stuff through silica so that not even a broken cell could pass, and injected the liquid into healthy chickens. They soon developed cancers of the same type (sarcoma) as the original hen's.

To the brilliant young investigator. Dr. Francis Peyton Rous (rhymes with mouse), the discovery proved an embarrassment. Some colleagues smiled tolerantly, but many cancer researchers, even within his own institute, denounced the work as preposterous. "A filterable virus?" Bosh! This would be an infectious agent, and thus cancer, they argued, would be an infectious disease. Rous's experiments, they said, must have been defective. Some critics were not even shaken when Rous went on to find the viruses that caused other types of cancers in fowls and small mammals.

Animal or Chemical? Last week, 48 years after his original preconceptionshattering experiments, Peyton Rous stood before an audience in Manhattan to acknowledge a new honor in the string that has been lengthening since 1927: one of the Albert Lasker Awards (\$2,500 plus a gold Winged Victory) of the American Public Health Association-one of medicine's brightest "Oscars.

There is no longer any doubt that Rous's experiments were superbly executed and that his conclusions were sound. The Rous sarcoma and many others in a growing family of animal tumors are now known to be caused by viruses, although the definition of viruses (ultramicroscopic particles on the borderline of the animal and chemical kingdoms) may have to be revised to cover them all. It still seems that something more than the virus alone is needed to trigger the outbreak of cancerous growth, e.g., chemical or physical irritation. But the importance of the virus can no longer be questioned. Still unknown is whether any human cancers are similarly caused.

Quake in the Night. Blue eyes twinkling as brightly as ever at 79, Dr. Rous admitted last week: "I used to quake in the night for fear that I had made an error." One of his colleagues, he recalled, was so sure that cancer was an unfathomable mystery that he said: "That can't have been a tumor if you found the cause of it." Today no line of investigation into the origins of human cancer is being pressed more vigorously than that implicating viruses as at least partly responsible. Though he has never worked with human cancers, and was technically "re-



RESEARCHER ROUS Smashed: cells and preconceptions.

tired" for age 14 years ago, Peyton Rous still has the same staff, works as hard as ever hunting clues to cancer's causes, doubles as a consultant to Sloan-Kettering Institute.

Other winners of the 1958 Lasker-A.P.H.A. awards:

@ Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation (formerly for Infantile Paralysis), first layman ever to be so I Dr. Robert W. Wilkins of Boston Uni-

versity, for work on heart-artery diseases. ¶ Dr. Theodore Puck of the University of Colorado, for developing new ways to keep mammalian cells reproducing in tissue cultures.

I Drs. Alfred D. Hershev of Carnegie Institution, Heinz Fraenkel-Conrat of the University of California, and Gerhard Schramm of West Germany's Max Planck Institute, jointly, for discoveries concerning nucleic acid's role in virus reproduction and genetics.

Drug Dangers

Throughout history, patients have been made sick, and some have been killed, by the medicines they took. But these were incidental or (as doctors call them) "side" effects, Relatively uncommon, such cases had to be weighed against the usefulness of the drug for the majority, Now. with chemical laboratories brewing up ever more potent drugs, more and more diseases are directly caused by drugs, Unlike most old-fashioned side effects, they do not necessarily disappear obligingly when medication is stopped. In Postgraduate Medicine, the University of Kansas' Dr. Jesse D. Rising lists an alarming catalogue:

As many as 10% of patients with high blood pressure, after intensive treatment for several months with hydralazine (trade name: Apresoline), develop symptoms resembling those of rheumatoid arthritis or disseminated lupus erythematosus; stubborn cases may need treatment with ACTH or cortisone-type hormoneswhich can also be dangerous (see below),

¶ Other victims of high blood pressure, under treatment with hexamethonium. may have "a dramatic type of respiratory disturbance," with breathing difficulties, fever, cough and chest pain, and turn blue. This, though rare, can be fatal within a month.

A third drug for dropping the blood pressure, mecamylamine (trade name: Inversine), sometimes causes severe anxiety or depression and is suspected of having triggered disabling mental illnesses. Other patients have developed chorea (muscular twitching), with tremor, slurred speech. and difficulty in controlling the joints; in some cases the symptoms have resembled multiple sclerosis: in others there have been severe epileptoid seizures.

A fourth hypotensive, reserpine, may speed the appearance of peptic ulcers or worsen those already developed. It also commonly causes depression, often severe, and sometimes marked by delusions of persecution and suicidal impulses. And reservine can hasten the death of patients with damaged hearts.

The ataraxics (tranquilizers) built around the phenothiazine molecule (trade names: Thorazine, Compazine, Sparine, Pacatal) are so potent "that it is surprising they do not cause more undesired side effects," One of the commonest is Parkinsonism, with rigidity, tremor, pillrolling motion of the hands, disturbances of all movements, and drooling. Symptoms may persist two or three months after medication is stopped. Thorazine can also cause severe liver damagesometimes fatal.

Cortisone-type hormones stimulate peptic ulcers-despite combinations with antacids-sometimes to the point of perforation. Some patients experience extreme mood changes like the manic and depressive phases of manic-depressive psychosis. Especially in children, the hormones can touch off grand mal epilepsy; in oldsters, they may weaken the bones to the point of spontaneous fracture.

The diuretic acetazolamide (trade name: Diamox), often given to heart patients to help flush the brine out of their systems, can so upset a congested liver as to cause hepatic coma-especially when it is given in combination with ammonium chloride.

Antibiotics, especially the "broadspectrum" family (best-known trade names: Achromycin, Aureomycin, Terramycin) kill so many of the harmless bacteria normally found in the digestive tract that they let the more harmful bacteria run riot. A resulting inflammation of the intestines, which may be "a deadly disease"-is usually the doctor's fault.

Cycloserine an antibiotic used against tuberculosis, has such a narrow safety margin that a slight overdose can cause grand mal seizures. It is also blamed for



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FOR MEN

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severe emotional reactions and is dangerous for patients with kidney damage.

gerous for patients with kidney damage, ¶ Isonizaid, wonder drug of 1952 against TB, may set off inflammation of the peripheral nerves, causing phantom sensations, numbness, burning pain and weakness. Unless caught early and treated with vitamin B_s, this neuritis becomes permanent.

¶ Worse of all, Dr. Rising warns, a doctor treating a woman during pregnancy with anesthetics, X rays, ACTH or cortisonetype hormones, may subject the fetus to oxygen shortage or some other threat. The result: "Physicians now face the horrible possibility that they, in addition to certain acts of God, are responsible for many developmental defects, normal hearts, cleft palate or mongolism, and Samese twins. "The thoughtful physician," Dr. Rising

concludes, will not think of abandoning these useful (and often life-saving) drugs, but he "will not lightly prescribe [them, and] will exert every effort to understand . . . the harmful effects that may result from their use."

From the Lighthouse

Augustin Iean Fresnel lost his job as an engineer with the French government in 1815 because he opposed Napoleon's return from Elba, Then he turned his fertile, inventive brain to the problem of getting lighthouses to give more light. Little recognized in his short (1788-1827) life, Fresnel (pronounced Fray-nell) wrought an optical revolution and indirectly saved untold lives by junking the mirrors on which lighthouses had long depended, instead put the light source inside a cylindrical lens with multiple-refracting bands at top and bottom. The resulting Fresnel lens (commonly pronounced Freznel) still has many maritime uses, is on sale by most ship chandlers.

Last week Manhattan's equally fertile and inventive Optometrist William Feinbloom (Time, Ian. 2, 1933 et seq.) told a Buffalo gathering of optometrists how he had adapted the Fresnel lens to make tri-optic spectacles for the near-blind. Feinbloom has concentrated for decades on the problem of 500,000 Americans who are legally blind (less than 10% useful vision), but who could read and work if only they could get the right glasses. Previous Feinbloom inventions supplied correction for only one focal range (close work such as reading and sewing, middle range for dressing and household tasks. or distance for outdoors), and the patient had to keep switching three pairs of glasses. Each pair was expensive, so the benefits of Feinbloom's ingenuity could not reach the needy blind.

Feinbloom's new device is a three-inone, like the executive's trifocals. Most of the field (both sides and the middle) consists of plastic with no magnification, corrected only for distortion caused by the refractive errors in the patient's eye. This is for middle distance—3 to 25 ft. At the top is a thick oval lens, après Fresnel, with three-power magnification



FEINBLOOM DEMONSTRATING HIS LENS Three chances for the near-blind,

for distance—"infinity," which begins at 25 ft. At the bottom is a similar lens with magnification of 3 to 20 diameters for reading, sewing or benchwork. Cost of the three-in-one lighthouse: \$250 to \$300.

High Tea

The world's food supply has become only slightly more radioactive since 1945, and in most categories of comestibles there is no slightest threat to health. So reported Dr. Edwin P. Laug and Chemist Wendell C. Wallace of the U.S. Food & Drug Administration last week. Standard of comparison was a collection of old canned foods, e.g., from Admiral Byrd's caches in Antarctica (Time, March 11, 1957). As expected, because fallout tends to concentrate on grass and thus get into browsing cows, there was some increase in radioactivity of milk and milk products. While this was so slight as to be no hazard now, Dr. Laug warned: "This first part of a continuing study shows that there is something to watch for.

By far the greatest increase in radioactivity is in tea. In prenuclear days, tea was virtually radiation-free. Now its radioactivity has gone up an average of 30-fold, and in some samples more than 100-fold. As expected, teas from South America and Africa show the least increase (the whole Southern Hemisphere has markedly less fallout than the Northern), Teas from China, Formosa and Japan may easily reflect mainly the fallout from Soviet bomb tests. Those from India and Ceylon can apparently only reflect the pooled fallout from Siberia, the Pacific islands and Nevada, which has gone around the world. Two reasons for tea's high count: the plant takes up minerals from the soil with great avidity, and the leaves are not washed to free them of last-minute fallout.



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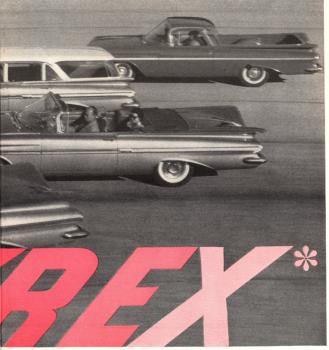


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The Met at 75

"I should advise the directors of the Metropolitan," said Tenor Italo Campanini, "to tear out the inside of their building and rebuild . . . The house is unfit for music." That was just after the Met concluded its first Manhattan season, and Tenor Campanini's observation has been echoed by many a singer since. The Met has nevertheless attracted more first-rate stars than any other of the world's great opera houses. This week the house celebrates its 75th anniversary with a nostalgic birthday review (lantern slides and ancient recordings assembled by the Metropolitan Opera Guild) of some of its finest achievements

The yellow brick house was built (in 1883) at a cost of \$1,732,478.71, princi-pally as a showcase for New York society (the impresario of the older, posher Academy of Music referred to it as "the yellow brewery on Broadway"). The architect, Josiah Cleaveland Cady, had never seen a grand opera, and he built the Met on the theory that its most important feature was not the stage but the boxes. At first, there were three tiers of them (later reduced to one), and the press simplified things for house scanners on opening night by printing charts indicating the positions of celebrities. From the first night (Faust, sung in Italian, with Christine Nilsson as Marguerite, Campanini in the title role. and Franco Novarro as Mephistopheles), regular seat holders howled about obstructed views, and singers complained about the strenuous demands the huge house placed on their voices. But nobody ever complained about the acoustics: Architect Cady had the good sense to face the auditorium with wood and to build an egg-shaped masonry sound chamber beneath the orchestra pit. During its early years, the Met removed the seats, held charity balls and a flower show on the orchestra floor, When Impresario Henry Abbey lost \$600,000 in the house's first season, he recouped some of his losses by tossing in a special variety show at which Soprano Marcella Sembrich played a violin concerto, moved to the piano to rip off a Chopin mazurka, and sang Ah! non giunge from Bellini's Sonnambula.

Gerryflappers. For a seven-year period. inaugurated by Conductor Leopold Damrosch, not a word of anything but German was heard in the house. Wagner was performed in thunderous repetition, and the greatest soprano of the period. Lilli Lehmann, sang Carmen in German in her Met debut. But during the Met's "Golden Age of Song," at the turn of the century, Jean and Edouard de Reszke. Emma Eames, Lillian Nordica, Nellie Melba, et al, educated their audiences to hear Italian and French operas sung in their original languages. Still, educated or not, Guest Star Adelina Patti could stop the opera by singing Home, Sweet Home or The Last Rose of Summer in The Barber of Seville's lesson scene.

Then as now, the Met was not an adventurous house: it depended on its unparalleled roster of singers, and while for years it attempted more new works than it does today, most of them met with little immediate success. When it launched La Bohème (with Melba) in 1900, Henry Krehbiel, in the New York Tribune, roundly panned the new opera: "[It] is foul in subject, and fulminant but futile in its music.

The Met's greatest singer, Enrico Caruso, made his debut in Rigoletto in 1903. sang 607 performances of 36 operas in the next 17 seasons, and transformed the Met



CARUSO ON GALLOWS IN MET'S "GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" The perfect stars were in heaven.





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into a genuinely popular house. Soprano Geraldine Farrar, trailed by a worshipful female fan club of self-styled "gerryflappers," reigned with him. But Arturo Toscanini, with Gustav Mahler, the greatest of the Met's conductors, deftly cut his singers to size, and in only seven seasons changed the house from a kind of glorified star club into a smooth-functioning repertory theater, During one rehearsal, temperamental Soprano Farrar turned to him in a fury and shouted: "You forget, maestro, that I am the star!" Toscanini, with a weary wag of his head, replied: "I thank God I know no stars except those in heaven which are perfect."

New Home. The Met survived the Depression on the box-office pull of Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior. Now doing better business than ever under General Manager Rudolf Bing, the yellow brewery ranks with La Scala and the Vienna Staatsoper as one of the Big Three of the operatic world. The Met is hampered by a physical plant that was antiquated in 1910 (to be abandoned in three years for the Met's new home in Lincoln Center) and by the difficulties of competing for top talent with the state-supported European houses. But in addition to its European stars, it can rely on a fine supply of home-grown talent, enormous, wellearned prestige, and a manager with a sense of humor, Last week Manager Bing heard that one of the speakers scheduled for the anniversary program planned to invoke a comparison with Elvis Preslev. He promptly sat down and scrawled a note: "I feel this name ought not to be mentioned in our House! We do not acknowledge his existence!

Lennie's Grand Old Men

At the New York Philharmonic's "preview" concert last week, Conductor Leonard Bernstein, looking like a conjurer, proudly produced from the wings a trio of musical pioneers. "They are," said Lennie happily, "the real article-salty, peppery, unconventional and eternally young in spirit." Onto the stage to take their bows came Lennie's "grand old men": Wallingford Riegger, 73; John Becker, 72; Carl Ruggles, 82. The trio's presence in Carnegie Hall lent substance to Lennie's argument that the history of U.S. symphonic music can be pretty well traced in the span of a single lifetime. ¶ Georgia-born Composer Riegger has the largest reputation of the three. A cellist, Riegger studied in Germany, dabbled in conducting, vigorously booed the early works of the pre-Schoenberg atonalists then being performed in Berlin. But when he turned to serious composition himself at 35, he soon welcomed the twelve-tone idiom as a means of "breaking through the inhibitions of my early surroundings." His own Study in Sonority (which Fellow Composer Henry Cowell called "the choiring of angels") was roundly hissed in 1929 at Carnegie Hall. Since then, Atonalist Riegger has supported himself by teaching and arranging (including arrangements for Tea for Two and Shortnin' Bread), has produced a

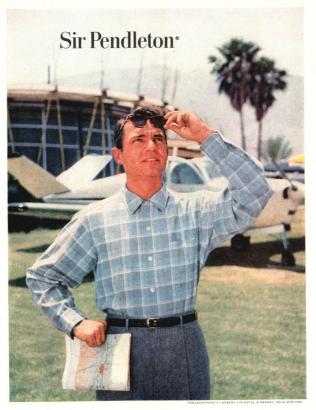


RIEGGER, RUGGLES & BECKER
Tea for two with pepper and salt.

steady stream of craggily dissonant, heavily percussioned works that have earned him a number of awards, almost no money. His Music for Orchestra, performed last week, was a busy, brawling but tightly disciplined work, as brassy as a night in a carnival tent.

¶ Kentucky-born John Becker, a less finished composer than Riegger, has taught music in the Middle West most of his life, produced a steady supply of modernist works, including seven symphonies, few of which have received major performances. His strongly didactic compositions take their themes from such varied sources as Alfred Kreymborg's Ballad of Fallen France, the Gettysburg Address, the Sermon on the Mount. His Symphonia Brevis, which Bernstein fished out of obscurity last week, was written in 1929 "with an outraged spirit . . . a protest against a world civilization which starves its millions in peacetime and destroys these same millions in wartime." Whatever its purpose, it was distinguished by massed sonorities, long, elegiac melodic lines and big, crashing climaxes.

Massachusetts-born Carl Ruggles has added to his income in recent years by his abstract paintings, which bring him as much as \$800 apiece from purchasers including the Whitney and Brooklyn Museums. A onetime conductor, he shocked audiences in the 1920s with roughhewn works which by now sound almost romantic. Last week's audience took his sweeping, spacious Men and Mountains with scarcely a whimper (despite Bernstein's warning about "crazy modern music Ruggles still composes steadily at his home in Vermont, at times using muralsize sheets of paper, drawing the large, fat notes in crayons of different colors. His life illustrates the crotchety spirit of independence that animated America's musical trail blazers: in a characteristic spasm of self-criticism, he ripped to shreds the score of his only opera shortly after the Metropolitan had finally accepted it and set a performance date.



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SPORT

Disbelief & Disaster

The press-box announcer blurted: "We have a score on the Northwestern-Michigan game that seems unlikely. The report gives Northwestern 34 points in the second quarter. We are asking for confirmation." Confirmation came quickly: Michigan was taking the licking of its life.

In the past five seasons lowly Northwestern had won only four Big Ten conference games. Taking over three years ago, young (35) Coach Ara Parseghian. onetime Miami (Ohio) halfback, set out to rebuild manpower and morale, "You're just the patsies from Northwestern," he taunted his players. It worked. This year aroused Wildcats have won their first three games (Washington State, Stanford, Minnesota). On the first three plays Michigan backs were thrown for 17 yds. in losses. Northwestern scored a fantastic four touchdowns in a seven-minute stretch before Parseghian emptied his bench to temper the slaughter. Final score: Northwestern 55, Michigan 24.

Other surprising performances dotted last week's football landscape, and in the process scrambled the nation's ratings. Time's Top Ten:

 Ohio State (4-0)—finally living up to pre-season billing after three so-so victories, pounded Indiana, 49-8.

 Army (4-o)—downgraded from the No. 1 spot because, against sub-par Virginia, it stumbled through a fumble-filled first half before straightening out and rolling on to win 35-6.

3) Wisconsin (3-1)—upset by a scrapping Iowa team 20-9, but still rated above the Hawkeyes because Quarterback Dale Hackbart had a bad day, setting up two Iowa touchdowns with fumbles.

4) lowa (3-0-1).



Northwestern's Parseghian In the future, no patsies.

 Oklahoma (3-1)—still rolling over minor football powers, dismembered Kan-

sas 43-0.

6) Louisiana State (5-0)—Halfback
Billy Cannon ran for 108 yds. and
two touchdowns in a 32-7 romp over
Kentucky.

7) Pittsburgh (4-1)—though wearied by a rough-and-tumble schedule, is still a solid all-round outfit, disposed of West Virginia 15-8.

Virginia 15-8.

8) Auburn (3-0-1)—flawed its 17-game winning streak when Georgia Tech threw up a stout defense and managed a

Notre Dame (3-1)—botched scoring chances, needed a third-quarter 23-yd. field goal for a 9-7 victory over Duke.

late score to gain a 7-7 tie.

10) Michigan State (2-1-1)—recovered five fumbles, but could never find the trigger of its offense, made only 103 yds. all day in losing to Purdue 14-6.

The Great Man Retires

In Buenos Aires, 100 Argentines gathered at a ceremonial dinner to honor the greatest racing driver of his day. At an age (47) when most drivers are dead or returned, bowers still the best there was But the occasion was still the best there was. But the occasion was a sad one, for the champion was leaving the track for good. Announced Fangio firmly: "I will never race again in the rest of my years. Champions, when they are at the top."

Son of an Italian immigrant to Argentina, sometime bus mechanic, Fangio was 28 before he attracted international attention by finishing fifth in the Gran Premio Extraordinario Argentino, Not until he was 38 did a manufacturer (Alfa Romeo) sign him up to race fulltime. In his second year under contract (1951), the phlegmatic Fangio won the world driving championship. He won it again four times in the next six years, driving for Alfa Romeo, Ferrari, Maserati and Mercedes-Benz. Twice he narrowly escaped death. In 1948 his car went off the road in the Grand Prix of South America, killing his partner. In 1952 he broke his neck in a race at Monza, Italy. But Fangio developed the delicate sense of touch that enabled him to tread the fine line between the speed that wins and the speed that

"Body & Spirit." Today Fangio is the owner of a string of service stations. In his office last week, Businessman Fangio looked back over the career of Driver Fangio, and talked with a candor that he had seldom allowed himself while racing. Said he: "The exhilaration of racing a smooth-running car and the challenge of keeping in the lead had become drudgery. a constant effort and worry to give people who entrusted me with their cars and money the returns they expected. The joy of the first years became mere fatigue. Not only my body is tired but my spirit as well. They were the most exciting years of my life. I never considered a car as an



ARGENTINA'S FANGIO
"Tomorrow I could easily be second."

instrument to achieve an end, but as part of the car, like a piston or shifting gear. At Remis in 1948, when I had to quit because my gas tank was ripped, I felt as if my own flesh were wounded. This feeling of oneness with a car, and that I had luck in getting the best cars! round to my single great getting the best cars! round to my single years of the property of the car of the c

"If I could offer the younger generation any advice, I would say: Never think of your car as a cold engine but as a hotblooded horse, racing together with the rider like one beautiful harmonious unit. As for me, the rider has grown older and more blase than the horse."

Lost Cheers. "But enthusiasm is not the only thing I lost. I lost wy family too. In ten years, zo of my racer pals idid behind the wheel. Our reunions now-adays look like gatherings of war veterans who try but can't forget those who never came poet, and now I have more money than I can use. The exhibitation of coming in first, the cheering crowds? Tomor-ow I could easily be second, then third, and eventually last. As for the cheering crowds, I never heard them. When I race, or my engine, the only whing I can see is my manager's signal from the plus my manager's signal from the plus my manager's signal from the plus.

He glanced down at the photographs of is dead friends, tucked under the glass top of his desk. "All the great are gone, one way or another. It is my turn. To come in second behind an Ascari or a Fangio is still a triumph, but to come in second behind an unknown beginner because the syong reflexes are quicker or his insurance of the second behind and unknown beginner because the syong reflexes are quicker or his insurance of the second behind an unknown beginner because has your great and the second behind an unknown beginner because has your great or his great part of the second behind the second behavior of the

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

It Can Be Great

The slim little light-foot guy with his gay, ageless grace had a good excuse for the jitters: this was the first time he had put on a TV show of his own. But aging (59) Dancing Master Fred Statier needed only to walk into camera range to demonstrate that he is still attumed to his old rhythmic magic, still in charge of his old easy charm.

By the time Astaire appeared on-screen last week, the networks were desolate



PARTNERS ASTAIRE & CHASE The old guy is the freshest.

from days of embarrassment. It should have been a great week, with no fewer than eight "specials" scheduled, costing a total of \$1,500,000. Yet most of them were disappointing. On CBS, the musical version of Little Women was a dreary mistake: the miracle of Bernadette was a sugar-coated bomb. Even with French Clown Fernandel to help him, NBC's Bob Hope was merely routine; the mute, moving eloquence of Julie Harris in Johnny Belinda was all that was meaningful in a moldy melodrama. Ginger Rogers in her own special was fine when she danced, but she did not dance enough, giving way too often to bad comedy. It took the old newcomer Fred Astaire to remind the TV audience that-all too rarely-TV entertainment can be great, This was no garden-variety variety

show, for Fred Astaire is a professional perfectionist. He and his troupe sweated through seven weeks of rehearsal. Every step was planned; every word was carefully timed. And the end result was the

essence of relaxation. Titian-haired young (23) Barric Chase, Fred's new partner, fitted into his new routines as easily as Ginger Rogers or Cyd Charrises ever fitted into the old. Jonah Jones, a beaming barred of a man care to the control of the single and the control of the control single a medley of songs from past triumphs, nudged two generations of fans to misty nostablea. Every dance number showed that TV choreography near control of the control of the control of the control aught the cameras new tricks.

"Decadence & Escapism"

The familiar, somewhat pompous figure with the familiar, somewhat pompous voice rose up before his fellows one day last week and, in his measured prose, indicted the whole breed, "I have decided," said Edward Murrow at the convention of the Radio and Television News Directors Association in Chicago, "to express my concern about what I believe to be happening to radio and television . . . If there are any historians about 50 or a hundred years from now and there should be preserved the Kinescopes for one week of all three networks, they will there find recorded in black and white or color evidence of decadence [and] escapism . . . If this state of affairs continues, we may alter an advertising slogan to read: 'Look

Now, Pay Later. Deploring the rampages of "Hollywood Indians," singing commercials in the midst of news programs, the shallow, five-minute news spots that leave no room for the "why." the networks' fear of the controversial. Murrow went on: "One of the basic troubles with radio and television news is that both instruments have grown up as an incompatible combination of show business, advertising and news. Each of the three is a rather bizarre and demanding profession. And when you get all three under one roof, the dust never settles. [We must] get up off our fat surpluses and recognize that television in the main is being used to distract, delude, amuse and insulate us . . .

Murrow's remedy: more and deeper information, more knowing public-affairs programs, more initiative, more ideas, more gust in radio and TV news. "Let us dream to the extent of saying that on a given Sunday night the time normally occupied by £G Sullivan is given over to a clinical survey of the state of American education, and a week or two later the time normally used by Steve Allen is devoted to a thoroughgiong study of American policy in the Middle East.

21 Skiddoo

A Manhattan grand jury was still investigating fixing on TV quiz shows, but the sponsors no longer saw much point in waiting for the report. By last week Twenty One, once the pride of Froducers Jack Barry and Dan Enright, had sunk so far in the Trendex ratings (from a high of 34-7 to an alltime low of 10.9) that the sponsor (Pharmaceuticals, Inc.) decided to bow out, and NBC summarily took the show off the air. At CBS, The \$0,400 Question was also on the sick list, but only Twenty One had a ready replacement: Concentration, another Barry & Enright quiz show, so complicated that the possibility of a fix is probably not one of its faults.

TIN PAN ALLEY

Flutist's Comeback

At home in Marietta, Ohio, back in 1880. Charley Dawes outraged his family by playing the flute in the Democrats' campaign band, while his own father was running for Congress on the Republican ticket (he won). Later, Charles ("Hell 'n' Maria") Dawes became a Republican but stayed a flute player. He used his favorite instrument to relax from a hectic career during which he served seven Presidents-he started as McKinley's Comptroller of the Currency, was Vice President under Coolidge, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's for Hoover, left public life at 67 as director of Hoover's Reconstruction Finance Corp. Once in 1911 he tried his hand at composition-a simple air entitled Melody in A Major. A friend liked it and sold it to a publisher for \$100. Wrote Banker Dawes in his diary: "I know . . . my punster friends will say that if all the notes in my bank are as bad as my musical ones, they are not worth the paper they are written on.

Since then, Melody in A Major has appeared in many incarnations, including arrangements for violin, pipe organ, alto sax, and in 1931 Broadway Veteran Carl (Bongo Bongo) Sigman wrote some lyrics for it. But it tooks another seven years to McKinley Administration to the Hir Parade. Last summer M-G-M bauled out the old song, gave it a slushy arrangement halfway between rock 'n' roll and a



COMPOSER DAWES
The old song is the newest.



ZERO PLUS 3

The story of the coat hanger that saved a jet pilot

It happened during an H-bomb test near Eniwetok.

Air Force planes had to be at exact altitudes and distances before shot time. A special radar system permitted personnel of the command ship to identify each aircraft and check its position on the radar scopes.

The shot went off as planned, but when the shock wave hit the ship, it knocked out the special radar antenna high on the mast.

The Raytheon Field Engineer* on board went into action. He quickly fashioned an emergency antenna from a metal coat hanger, climbed the mast. and taped the antenna in place.

With the system working again, it was discovered that one pilot was flying in the reverse direction—out to sea. An Air Force officer reported that the prompt restoration of the special radar undoubtedly made it possible to save this pilot and his plane.

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*Edward K. Doherr, now Asst. Mgr., Government Services Division.



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"Flower Drum's" MIYOSHI UMEKI REHEARSING (RODGERS AT PIANO) Heavy is the white man's burden.

ballad. By last week It's All in the Game was the biggest "new" hit in the country, ranked No. 1 on virtually all the charts.

The music still has a lilting, lacecurtain charm, but it is well for Statesman Dawes that he never lived to see himself become a jukebox hit. The man who helped negotiate the Kellogg Pact might have trouble digging Crooner Tommy Edwards' adenoidal message:

You have words with him And your future's looking dim . . Many a tear has to fa-a-ll But it's a-a-ll in the game.

BROADWAY

East of Suez

"If you aren't slant-eyed and flatchested," said one young unemployed actress last week, "you haven't a prayer of getting a job." Cause of her complaint: Broadway is going heavily Oriental this Broadway is going heavily Oriental this THEATER; is only the first of a Far East catalogue that includes such forthcoming items as Flower Drum Song, Rashomon, Kataki, Cry for Happy and the unspeech revival of The Shunghai Gettire. Even for the Oriental invasion, with three versions of classic Japanese No drispanses of the six sisns of classic Japanese No drispanses.

Broadway's Far East kick is creating a buge, cumulative casting problem, and the man who is coping with most of it is Agent Tony Rivers, Manhatra's leading Oriental flesh peddler (he inherited his business from his former boss, Kaie Deei, a part-Egyptian, part-Zulu agent, who specialized in Negroes, Orientals and American Indians). Agent Rivers is find-American Indians). Agent Rivers is find-a flesh and the specialized in Negroes, Orientals and American Indians). Agent Rivers is find-part of Sammy Fong, unoficial mayor of Chinatown, Florec Drum's Casting Director Ed Blum finally had to cross

the color line and hire Manhattan Comedian Larry Storch. "The part calls for a sharpie," says Blum, "and the Orientals can't play it. Smoothie, yes; sharpie, no." Otherwise, Blum's cast is out of character only to the extent of one Puerto Rican,

one Filipino and one Hawaiian.

To make up for such casting lapses,
Agent Rivers and the producers he supplies try hard for authenticity in other
respects. Before Suzie's costume designer,
Dorothy Jeakins, ever laid out a hemline,
she imported coolie suits from Hong Kong,
even interviewed newsmen who had lived
in the Orient and were "more or less fa-

miliar with brothels.

Both Suzie and Flower Drum hired the same speech expert, Professor Simon Mitchneck of Columbia, to turn Oriental inflections into speech that is understandable to American audiences. He is currently working with Japan's Miyoshi Umeki and the rest of the cast of Flower Drum, shaving vowels, changing consonants, even breaking Comedian Storch of his New Yorkese. Just about the only time Agent Rivers got off the Oriental beat this season was when Producers Feuer and Martin insisted that they would cast their new musical Whoop-Up only with full-blooded Indians, "I scoured the area," says Rivers. "My God. I had hundreds of Indians down for the auditions. You know what Feuer and Martin ended up with? A Broadway cast, Not an Indian in it, Just Schmohawks.'

To judge from current plans, producers will be working the Oriental gimmick to death, bringing new East-of-Suez shows to town far into spring. "Damned if I can one of the few who has yet to find a place in the new Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. "But it's good for international relations." Says Agent Rivers: "Sometimes it's all the great unwashed. "Sometimes it's all the great unwashed, is over I'll be left on my talk."

HOLLYWOOD

Slowing Pulse

Variety took Hollywood's production pulse last week, reported a noticeable slowing down compared to the same time last year. Six studios have started 81 pictures, down 46. Independents have started 69, down 50. Only upbeats: Metro, 23 started, up four, and Walt Disney, six started, up four.

How to Lose Friends

Newsman, playwright, novelist and Hollywood seript mechanic, Ben (The Front Page) Hecht, 63, has always been fast, in fact, that ever since he took over a TV week-night interview show on Manhattanis WABC this fall, his guests have been hopelessly outclassed in the fight for varied fields ranging from erotica to execution by hanging, Hecht has been calculatedly outragous and often funny. Last week he turned on Hollywood, bit the Q Producers, Most of them "became Q Producers, Most of them "became

bosses because they were serious-looking fellows. They knew nothing but could talk fast." Cecil B. DeMille "has been sort of a one-man dark ages that has reigned in Hollywood for 30 or 40 years. He learned the serious fellows are serious for the serious fellows from the serious fellows from the serious fellows. The more form the serious fellows a fine producer, the has no head. . He has a very intellectual stomach. It would react at a distance of 50 pages. If you were reading a script and it had a cat. He would turn to a distance of 50 pages. If you were reading a script and at had a cat. He would turn to a fellow for the serious fellows.

Writers. "They have small chins and big heads and cannot win an argument. The few writers he knew who have fought back, Hecht remembered warmly. His favorite rebel: Charles (Fearless Fagan) Lederer, who came to work looking like a "decadent Huck Finn" and was in love with "the most highly paid musical com-edy star in New York [Marilyn Miller]." One day she took him to lunch, read him the riot act about rising at a respectable hour and taking daily baths, "When she got done, Charlie handed her his trousers, which he had taken off during the conversation and said, 'Here, my darling, you wear them,' And he walked out of her life." It would be wonderful, said Hecht, if Charlie's attitude "was the attitude of the young world toward its fatheaded. sham-filled adults." Columnists, "Hedda Hopper I like,

She's a gallant, crazy old gal with lots of stand. But Louella Tarsons I don't like. Louella used to be a reporter with me in Chicago; she was one of the worst reporters the town ever knew . . She's positively one of the most sad things in Hollywood. She makes it seem like a town full of boss lovers—which it is. She bows when the boss is not there, just his shadow."

It came as no surprise to his listeners when Hecht admitted that he has no friends in Hollywood. Friendship there, said he, is possible only between a man and the "woman or women" he loves.





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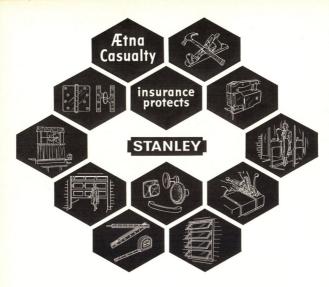


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SCIENCE

Pioneer Post-Mortem

The moon-probe Fioneer, which burned out over the South Pacific after staying in space for 44 hours, rose 79,000 miles—on the probe of the stay of the

The reason that Pioneer lacked those few more miles of speed is still being selected the process of the process

amount of energy.

As Pioneer failtered and began to fall back, scientists at tracking stations tried to fire the Stage Four rocket in the hope it would send the probe into an orbit around the earth. The rocket did not fire. The official theory is that the interior

The official theory is that the interior temperature of the Pioneer fell so low (35°F.) that its battery lost power and could not work the firing system. Some experts have suggested a simpler cause: a broken electrical connection.

* Pioneer's near failure to circumnavigate the moon reminded at least one British columnist of a quatrain that Poet Edmund Gosse (1849-1928) claimed was written by his housemaid and found under her mattress:

O moon, when I look on thy beautiful face Careering along through the bound'ries of

space,
The thought has quite frequently come to

my mind, If I'll ever gaze on thy glorious behind.





Test Pilots Crossfield (LEFT) & White With X-15 Steam jets in space and a private atmosphere.



One accomplishment of the Pioneer could be told at once. While it was high in space, the operators on its tracking stations gaily used it as a radio relay, e.g., England talked to Hawaii on the side of the earth, the waves climbing up to the Pioneer and down again. This dramatized the often discussed possibility of using satellites as relay points for the earth's communications.

Red-Hot X-15

There are two phases of man's navigation of space: the going out and the coming back. The Air Force's Pioneer demonstrated that the day is near at hand when a missile will soar out into free space. Last week North American Aviation, Inc. rolled out its X-15—a stub-winged, hardshelled rocket plane designed to study the other end of the problem; how to get a man back safely from outer space.

With its 50-ft, length and 22-ft, wingspan, the X-15 looks more like a missile than an airplane. A sophisticated descendant of the X-1 rocket plane in which Test Pilot 'Chuck' 'Yeager first broke the sound barrier (TDEE, June 21, 1948), it is expected to reach 3,600 m.p.h.—twice the speed of a high-powered rifle bullet. Since such speeds cannot be maintained in the



lower atmosphere, the X-15 will be carried to 35,000 ft, by a B-52, will then climb to an altitude of 100 miles. Burning liquid ammonia and liquid oxygen, its motor will develop 50,000 lbs. of static thrust, and more power (500,000 hp.) at full speed than the carrier Forrestal (360,000 hp.). Steam Steering, Operation at such

diazy height and speed has posed special problems and produced oddities in design. X-15's large vertical stabilizers are wedge-shaped, as if their trailing portions had been cut off with a saw. Wind-tunnel tests have shown that such a wedge is more efficient than a conventional streamlined shape for keeping the X-15 aliened on course as the atmosphere thins out at high altitude.

Since the air is too thin 100 miles up for any aerodynamic controls to be effective, the X-15 has an independent system of ballistic controls that need no air. In the nose are four pairs of small jets



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HOW I STARTED A NEW LIFE THIS YEAR

By a Wall Street Journal Subscriber

I work in a large city. I noticed that men who read The Wall Street Journal are better dressed, drive better cars and have

better homes

"What is their secret?" I asked myself. I started making discreet inquiries. I found that men who are well off have to have the information in The Journal. And average fellows like me can actually win advancement and build up increased incomes by reading The Journal. How do I know? Because not long ago I sent for a Trial Subscription. It has put me ahead already.

This story is typical. The Journal is wonderful aid to men making \$7,500 to \$25,000 a year. To assure speedy deivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Iournal is printed daily in five cities -New York, Washington, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco

The Wall Street Journal has the largest

staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$7. Just send this ad with check for \$7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. TM 10-27 pointing up, down, left and right (see diagram). When the pilot wants to depress the nose of his craft in near-airless space, he will shoot superheated steam (produced by catalyzed hydrogen peroxide) through the upward-pointing jets. The reaction will push the nose downward, Similar jets in the wingtips will keep the wings level or make the ship bank or roll,

Instead of the usual single control stick, the X-15 has three. One is designed to resist the multiplied weight of the pilot's hand or body when he is subjected to his plane's acceleration under the push of its rocket motor because of heavy G-load or because of its deceleration on slamming down into the atmosphere. But when the X-15 is on a ballistic trajectory above the atmosphere, with its engine cut off, the pilot will be weightless. He will then shift to a second stick that will give him better control in space-presumably by directional use of the steam jets. When he gets back to the lower atmosphere and conventional speeds, he will use the third stick, which operates in the conventional way.

Glowing Wings. But soaring 100 miles above the earth is only a first step. Greater peril comes when the pilot starts down through the atmosphere to land. To offset the ferocious heat generated by the air's friction, the X-15's skin is made of Inconel X, a heat-resisting alloy that keeps its shape at a brightly glowing 1,350° F., when aluminum and ordinary steel have long since softened, Liquid nitrogen, which will not support combustion, is used as a coolant for both pilot and equipment, and is also vaporized to maintain pressure in the plane's interior. The pilot, who cannot breathe pure nitrogen. will have a private oxygen atmosphere inside his space suit.

As the X-15 drops back into the atmosphere, the pilot must match his speed to the density of the air. As the air grows thicker at lower altitudes, he must slow down to keep the heat of friction from softening his wings. If he comes too close to the danger point, he will veer upward into thinner air to let his plane cool off. Slowed down and cooled off, the X-15 can then glide to the ground, landing on a pair of nosewheels and two skids near the tail.

At Edwards A.F.B. on the Mojave Desert, the X-15 will be introduced to air and space by easy stages. First it will probably be dropped unpowered to see how it lands. During February 1959 North American's Test Pilot Scott Crossfield will make the first powered flights, using low-powered rocket engines. Then will come tryout flights with the 50,000-lb. engine. At some point in this feeling-out process, the X-15 will be turned over to the Air Force. Then Captain Robert A. White, 34, who became the Air Force's choice as test pilot when his friend Captain Iven Kincheloe Jr. was killed in an F-104 this summer, is scheduled to do the first "maximumperformance" testing, Translated from officialese, this means that, if all goes well, Captain White will be the first man to take the X-15 into empty space, and to bring it back, its stubby wings glowing

red-hot, safely to earth.

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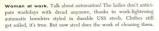
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EDUCATION

Joe Knowledge

The latest set of apprehensive elders to make a study of U.S. college youth last week turned in a surprisingly optimistic report: the average student today is older, brighter and more serious than in past years, and the average college must hustle to keep up with the change. The report, They Come for the Best of Reasons, written by Columbia University Professor W. Max Wise for a panel of educators sponsored by the American Council on Education, sifts views and statistics on the present college generation. Highlights:

¶ By 1956, only 55% of undergraduates was of traditional college age, 18-21. The proportion of older students has grown fast, to about 40%. More students each year-29% of men, 10% of women at last count-are married. Four students out of ten earn more than half their college expenses, about twice the pre-World War II number.

¶ Ability of students admitted to college is rising sharply. Stanford reports an upswing in aptitude test scores between 1951 and 1956 "so great that the lower half of the class entering in 1951 simply would not have been admitted in 1956." But college faculties, suggests Professor Wise. have neither fully sensed this radical change nor taken adequate steps to provide challenge and stimulation for these new students." An alarming statistic: only about half of the students in the upper 20% of ability stays on to graduate.

The gentleman's C is no longer admired. The new students study hardbut they are more interested in the race for grades than the pursuit of learning. "They are more willing than they used to be to work hard to make the grades that will give them an advantage on the job

market. Some of them are even prepared to cheat, if necessary, to make these grades. They want to enter upon a professional or business career, and they want to find security therein.

¶ "Joe College is no more." Student groups, clubs and even fraternities are on the decline; campus traditions seem "collegiate" to the new student, "and this is no longer a word of praise," Students are enormously concerned with "knowing themselves." Joe Knowledge wants to be an individual, but "not at the expense of rejection" by the group. He is tolerant. "perhaps too much so, feeling that everyone is entitled to his opinion and even that one opinion is probably as valid as another." He is convinced that what he lives in is not the best of all possible worlds, but he has little belief that by joining political groups he can change matters. Like Candide, he chooses to cultivate his own garden.

Observer Wise ends on an upbeat: the new student offers "an outstanding opportunity for creative thought and action on the part of those entrusted with his education."

Oberlin's 125th

To the hairy-handed frontier town of Elyria, Ohio came the Rev. John Jay Shipherd to join battle with the Devil. The struggle lasted three years and was foredoomed; faster than Congregationalist Shipherd could preach the old time religion, Elyria's storekeepers passed out free whisky to boost trade. The Rev. Mr. Shipherd abandoned the town to its wickedness and with one disciple, the Rev. Philo Penfield Stewart, set out into north Ohio's dense elm forest. On swampy ground, a safe nine miles away, he founded Oberlin College in 1833.

The college survived the swamp; and

last week, as Oberlin began full-dress celebration of its 125th birthday, visiting speakers had no trouble finding triumphs to praise in their complimentary preambles. In 1835 the college became one of the first in the U.S. to adopt a policy of admitting Negroes, and in 1841 became the first coeducational college to grant bachelors' degrees to women; its football team beat Ohio State as recently as 1921. An impressive number of educational observers call Oberlin the best coeducational college in the country, and there is much to support its right to top rank.

Intransigence & Righteousness. The college today can look back on some turbulent early days. Oberlin was a way station on the Underground Railway, and once a sizable faculty mob swarmed ten miles to free a runaway slave from a U.S. marshal. Something in the air fed intransigence; fire-breathing Feminist Lucy Stone was a graduate (1847), and later Oberlin's rich soil of righteousness produced the Anti-Saloon League, Present-day manifestations are less obvious: a bluntly worded faculty defense of academic freedom, a tone of ineffable moral superiority in the student newspaper's lectures to the college administration.

Oberlin's 2,300 students are aboveaverage bright-61 of this year's 450 freshmen were first in their high school classes-and apt to be complacent about it. Said one recent graduate: "We loved to remind each other that our average IO approached the threshold of genius." Most Oberlin people go on to graduate school, do especially well in the sciences. Equalitarian Oberlin bans automobiles, and although almost every student pedals a bicycle, the hot spots of Cleveland-and Elvria-are out of effective range. But high spirits burst out, sometimes beerily, Night climbing expeditions have been known to ascend the lumpish façades of classroom buildings, and a recent visitor saw two happy collegians reeling along on



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PRESIDENT STEVENSON

a motorcycle, one sitting backwards and whanging a guitar.

Teaching & Money-Raising, Because Oberlin is keyed to the demands of graduate schools, curriculum experiments are few (one enterprising exception; sending the entire junior class of Oberlin's topranked Conservatory of Music to study for a year at Salzburg's Mozarteum), A weakness: an almost interminable list of required courses, which tends to prevent a student from exploring deeply any subject except his major. The faculty is well-paid (\$4,700-\$12,500), deliberately weighted toward men who are good teachers first, publishing scholars second. The resultin addition to excellent teaching-is that while professors respected in their fields are plentiful. Oberlin has no scholars of towering national reputation.

It is no discredit to Oberlin's able President William E. Stevenson to say that while his predecessors were scholars, head onetime Wall Street lawer—is primarily a money-getter. Even for a relatively wealthy (\$90 million) school such as a superior of the school such as a superior of the school such as a superior of the school such as a language of the school such as a superior of the school such as a superior of the school such as the school school such as the school such as the school such as the school school such as the school school such as the school school school such as the school school

The Errant Intellectuals

The poets, essayists and novelists of London's usually imperturbable P.E.N. Club listened in horror. Famed Oxford Historian (The Churchilis, Mifred Leslie Rowse was saying: Some British intellectuals "very much to the fore" are "highly unrepresentative" of British intellectualism and "create a pretty general disrespect for the rest of us." His No. 1 target: Philosopher Bertrand Russell.

A peppery independent, Rowse said he enjoyed Lord Russell's "naughtiness, but for his judgment of political matters, I have no regard." Now the advocate of British disarmament at any price, Russell on Jong ago was arguing learnedly for a preventive war against Russia. Years before the said of the proposed to British for the proposed Rowse." You need to be very clever to be so silly as that."

Then he took off after another oracle. the late Socialist Harold Laski, who for years taught political science at the University of London, Laski, he charged, had no knowledge of how things operate in human affairs. "Laski, who could not ride a bicycle, said pretentiously and characteristically that if he only had the theory of bicycle riding explained to him, he would be able to ride it. The truth is quite simple, and has nothing to do with theory, He just hadn't the feel of the thing, the sense of balance, the common sense that millions have of how it works. My opinion is what it always was, that the immense mass of his published work is practically valueless.

RELIGION

De Lege

The last public words spoken by Pope Pius XII were published last week in L'Osservatore Romano. On Sunday morning, three hours before he suffered the first of his two strokes, he had insisted on appearing in the courtyard of Castel Gandolfo. Speaking in French, he told the International Congress of Public Notaries:

"Laws in themselves are not absolute. They must yield to the just and well-trained conscience, and one recognizes the true man of the law . . . by his skill in

imprisoned cardinals to keep them from voting against his candidate), such exhortations were shouting against the wind.

And the wind of rumor and counterrumor—would be be "political" or "gastoral." Italian or non-Italian, young forgtermer or aged caretaker—mounted through the week until it seemed that the only people not talking about the coming conclave were the cardinals themselves might bring down on him the accusation (punishable by excommunication if proved) of entering into "pacts, promises



CARDINALS RECEIVING CONDOLENCES FROM KNIGHTS OF MALTA Nobody will tear the roof off this time.

interpreting legal texts with a view toward the higher welfare of the individuals and of the community."

Whoever "pursues his claims to the extreme limits of legality has already crossed the borders of justice. Nothing will help you more in developing the sense of justice among men than the appreciation and practice of genuine charity, the subject of the teachings of the Divine Lord and the fruit of His work of redemption."

The Conclave

All week long, the aromatic smell of incense filled the churches of Rome. Black-edged posters proclaiming the death of Pope Pius XII covered the walls of the city, and everywhere, among the poor and the prosperous, men were wearing black armbands and women black veils. But were as the harmers rang out in St. armbands and women black veils. But a bland the life of the Pope's Bed coffin, all signs the life of the Pope's Bed coffin, all signs the life of the Pope's Bed preparation for the suspense and mystery of electing the 25 md Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church.

"Abandon prognostications on the conclave," exhorted Osservatore Romano. But in the city that once saw Popes chosen in great mass meetings of people and clergy, whose politicians often used strong-arm tactics to influence papal elections (as when Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II or other obligations." When a newsman asked Cardinal Tisserant in the hall of the Consistory if he thought the future Pope might be in the room (which contained almost all the cardinals then in Rome), he replied: "Mon cher, this room

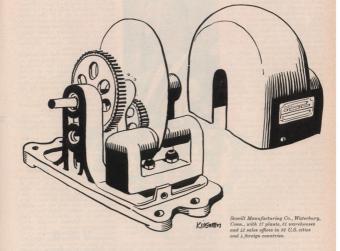
is very large and I don't see very well.' Carpenters & Tailors. From the earth's four corners the cardinals came, each with his two "conclavists"-usually a fellow cleric and a layman-who are permitted to accompany cardinals into the conclave enclosure as aides. Only two cardinals are expected to be absent when the conclave begins this week. Both Aloysius Cardinal Stepinac, Primate of Yugoslavia, and Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, will stay away from Rome for the same good reason: Stepinac is under house arrest, Mindszenty a refugee in the U.S. legation in Budapest. And even if they could get to Rome, their governments would deny them re-entry

Not only the cardinals were busy with last-minute preparations. Bricklayers and carpenters were hard at work blocking off the north wing of the Apostolic Palace and partitioning it into small apartments; a tailor was stitching up papal robes in three sizes; cooks were laying in supplies to feed the participants in the elections.

There were some disturbing notes. The stove in which the papal ballots are burned Jettamer—tucked under the pilot's seat, this Eddy-Trol damper harnesses magnetic force to restore "feel" to the stick and to prevent over-control in "power-steering" high-performance aircraft. When built into the tail of a giant jet transport it smoothes control-surface vibrations, operates un-failingly in temperatures from a hundred

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(with damp straw to make dark smoke as a signal to the outside world that no decision has been reached) was nowhere to be found, and a new one had to be bought and installed in the Sistine Chapel. The tailor who had made the robes of Pius XII publicly complained that he was robbed by Vatican officials of his traditional right to make the first robes of the new Pope. The late Pope's personal physician, Professor Galeazzi-Lisi, was denounced by the Rome Medical Association for selling intimate details of the Pope's last hours to newspapers (he also called a press conference at which he showed photographs, some in color, of the Pope's body in various stages of the embalming process).

Bread & Water, But such matters will be forgotten when the cardinals and their conclavists retire this Saturday to their sealed-off quarters. Then, just before the last door is double-locked, the Prefect of the Masters of Ceremonies and the architect responsible for designing the temporary accommodations will search the entire conclave area-opening closets. pulling aside draperies-to make sure no unauthorized person is there, while an aide calls loudly at ten-minute intervals "Exeant omnes!" to warn anyone not participating in the conclave to leave.

When the balloting finally begins, the cardinals seated on their thrones in the Sistine Chapel fill out their ballots, then rise in order of seniority and carry them in plain view to the altar, where they place them on a plate from which they tip them into a gold chalice. Each cardinal thereupon drops to his knees before the altar and swears: "I take to witness Christ our Lord, who is to judge me, that I hereby vote for him who, before God, I feel should be elected "

When all ballots are in and counted,

three cardinals acting as "scrutators" examine them. The third scrutator reads each name aloud, while the cardinals keen tally. The necessary majority: two-thirds, plus one.

The days when papal elections dragged on interminably are over. The famed indecision of the cardinals at Viterbo lasted three years, and they elected Pope Gregory X in 1271 only after the mayor of the town had the roof of their building torn off and put the cardinals themselves on bread and water. It was Gregory X who then originated the conclave, which in his version had all the cardinals locked in one room for sleeping, eating and conferring, After three days they got only one dish per meal, after the eighth day only bread, water and a small ration of wine.

But it will probably be only some day next week when a cardinal stands on the Vatican balcony and announces to the jubilant crowds in St. Peter's Square: "Habemus Papam"-"We have a Pope."

New Princetonian

A notable changing of the Preshyterian guard was announced last week. President John A. Mackay (rhymes with sky) of Princeton Theological Seminary retires automatically next summer at the age of 70; replacing him in the fall will be Dr. James Illey McCord, 38, dean and professor of systematic theology at Austin (Texas) Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

Since 1936, when Scots-born Dr. Mackay took over the presidency of Princeton Seminary, enrollment has doubled to its present 487 students (from 40 states, 20 foreign countries, some 50 different denominations). In one respect at least, President-elect McCord promises to be like his predecessor: he is an outspoken man. Dr. Mackay, who spent nearly 20 years as a minister and teacher in Latin America, has the combative stance of a Presbyterian caught in a crowd of Roman Catholics, has campaigned vigorously against persecution of Protestants in Catholic Spain, against the dangers of



PRESIDENT-ELECT McCORD No cathedrals in the desert

religious syncretism within Protestantism. for a return to dynamic theology.

Bulky, erudite Jim McCord has been called a "theologian's theologian" (among the schools he attended: the University of Texas, Union Theological Seminary, Edinburgh's New College), is nevertheless a direct and positive talker, more popular in class than in the pulpit. He has strong ideas about everything. Examples: Missions: "A Gothic cathedral would

look strange on a desert, and one can be a Christian without being a westerner. A lot has been said about demythologizing Christianity; well, in missionary work it needs to be deculturized."

Theology: "Doctrine, truth is not a substantial deposit that one can lay hold of as an end in itself. One pursues truth, but truth is for the purpose of life. I guess there is enough of an existentialist in me to feel that theology and commitment belong together. To regard theology as a closed system you stand off fromwell, that's what Kierkegaard was talking about when he said 'To be a theologian is to have crucified Christ.'

When the church fails to raise up prophets, McCord feels, the world raises them up. Who are such secular prophets? Dostoevsky, in Crime and Punishment (but not Tolstoy-"there was too much sweetness and light about him"), Also Novelist Albert Camus, especially in his latest book, The Fall ("I think Camus is on a pilgrimage and he hasn't arrived"). Oddly, Theologian McCord also includes Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller. If anyone criticizes such literary judgments, McCord has an answer: "I think the first thing the Lord requires of us is honesty. He requires you to be honest before he requires you to assent to something."

The Bishops' Five

The 50th triennial general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church wound up two weeks in Miami with a 2,500-word pastoral letter from the House of Bishops that will be read in each of the 7,200 Episcopal churches in the U.S. The bishops set forth what they called five great truths. Perhaps the most significant point, backed by a separate resolution urging compliance with the Supreme Court decision on integration in public schools, concerned justice in racial matters,

"We must remember that the majority of mankind belong to the colored races . . . If America continues to lose friends as others become convinced that we do not mean what we say about justice and equality . . . these judgments are the plain cost we pay in God's universe for not practicing what we preach.'

Other truths:

The importance of personal discussion "real meeting") between people.

The godly necessity of law. "The people of this land do not need to be reminded at this moment of the evils of tyranny. but . . . of the evils of anarchy.

The superiority of reason over emotion. "We ask everyone in this nation to keep

his voice down." ¶ Christians must remember "the membership we share together in the Church."

Report from Underground

Four out of five Protestant ministers in 17 Southern states are in favor of complying with the Supreme Court order to mix Negro and white children in public schools, according to the results of a poll published this week by the nondenominational monthly, Pulpit Digest.

Replies to the confidential poll were received from Southern ministers of 27 denominations-Baptists (31%), Methodists (27%) and Presbyterians (9%) predominating. Unsurprisingly, there was a wide regional range of opinion, Ministers in border states such as Delaware and West Virginia were almost unanimously in favor of integration. In Kentucky 89% were in favor, in Texas 87%. in the District of Columbia 86% and North Carolina 84%. In Arkansas and Mississippi only 54% were in favor of integration, and the least integrationist sentiment of all was in South Carolina, with only 50% in favor.



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ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS

THE PRESS

Alsop's Foible

In his profession Columnist Joseph Wright Alsop Jr. is a distinct success. From his column, "Matter of Fact," which appears four times weekly in the New York Herald Tribune and is syndicated in 200 newspapers here and abroad. and from the books and other articles he writes, he receives an income handsome enough to surround himself with the trappings of the luxurious life. These include suits faultlessly hand-tailored on London's Savile Row, and what he calls the "excessive comfort" of a plush bachelor's house on Dumbarton Avenue in Washington's Georgetown. He is respected, if not loved, by federal officialdom, which he frequently treats with the loftiness of the master ordering his vassals into line, "Admiral," he once said frostily, rising and thereby terminating an interview with Lewis Strauss, then special assistant to the President on atomic-energy matters, "you have wasted half an hour of my time."

But foe Alsop is not happy. He is incorrigibly gloomy, an inveterate prophet of perdition, forever firing literate messages of despair at what he deem tenders. His columns bong with death-kned words and phrases: "hair-raising." 'chaos," "crists." 'with seed and trimes," 'he deep atter," 'in these dark times." 'the deep atter," in the soft part of the search of the threat, he is inclined to stifle it: "It is still too early to say that the worst result is

already inevitable.

In 1950, tasting catastrophe, he warned of an "iron half-century" in which everything-"from television to partisanship, from jukeboxes to self-delusion"-must surrender to the "stern requirements of independence and survival." "All is lost." he cried at a 1954 New Year's party to a friend offering him felicitations of the season. In The Reporter's Trade, a collection of Alsop columns-some authored or coauthored by his younger brother Stewart -which will be published Nov. 19, he sinks up to his foulard tie in despond. "It is not easy to write amiably." he writes, "when, as it were, you have the ugly future burning in your belly." The big question is: "Can the free societies survive, and if so, how?" In 15 years at the trade, Alsop has never said that they can't. On the other hand, he has never said that they can.

Toward Passimism. Nothing in Alsoyis uphrhatings. or, for that matter, in his early newspapering years, suggests his role as a soothsayer of doom. Born 48 years ago in Avon, Conn., son of a well-to-do tobacco raiser, Joe Alsoy fidled, read and ate his way through adolescence. Groton and Harvard, emerging a § 1, o in., 245-lib. magna cum lande dandy addicted to French culfis and French pastry. Proust, Joyce, Gertrides See, Edypt, the Mayans. Greece and Rome. Egypt, the Mayans. Greece and Rome. By then it was clear that Joe had no real interest in the law, which was the career his parents had de-which was the career his parents had de-which was the career his parents had de-

cided on, and he was dispatched to the New York Herald Tribune.

There Alapp, who even then could write rings around voteran deskmen rose like whipping cream above the city-room pack. Regally accommented "An ewspaperman abould dress like a banker; when a reportrelest himself be patronized, he is licked"), he climbed swiftly from \$18-a-week cub to the Trib's Washington staff, went on from there to a syndicated column, "The Capital Parade," co-authored with another ex-Tribber, Robert Kintner (now president of the National Broadcasting Co.).

Munich jolted Alsop toward pessimism. Profoundly disturbed by the sellout to



Joseph Alsop
Smarmy, ingeminating, gloomy.

Hitler, he quit his job when war came, spent four years as naval officer and aide to Major General Claire Chennault in China, an attentive and dismayed witness to the Communist conquest. By war's end he was a confirmed and chronic pessimist on the future of mankind, determined to

sound the alarm for all who would listen. Toward Calamity. The present Alsop column began in 1946 as a brother act with Stewart ("Stewart was the only writer I knew that one would not throw out of one's rooms"), 3½ years his junior, who left an editorship with Doubleday & Co., the book publishers, to help shadow calamity in the world's capitals. The brothers took turns journeying through Europe and the Near and Far East, dissolved their partnership last spring when as a contributing editor. An able journalist, Stew Alsop never reached his brother's gloomy depths. Says he: "Joe can play the organ of doom better than I.'

As a columnist, Joe Alsop is several literary cuts above most of his peers. He is perhaps the only Western newsman who can read the *Analects* of Confucius in

classical Chinese. When not specifically concerned with international crisis, his columns can take lyrical wing, are frequently larded with Biblical and historical references and pretentious words like "smarmy," "ingeninations" and "farrago." Few newsmen besides Joe Alsop would have the imagination, scholarship and gall to describe the Kremlin as 'and gall to a 'and gall' to a 'and ga

and gall to describe the Kremlin as "a particularly gay decoration by Bakst for one of Diaghilev's earlier ballets." Such flights are really digressions from

duty, and Alsop rarely takes them these days, except when pressing national affairs, such as this year's elections, call him briefly away from the flames, Duty lies in exposing the dangers of the U.S. lag in the armament race with Russis, the unimpeded march of Communism, any administrative insistence on balancing the budget at what he considers the expense of security.

An Insult o Doy. The dauntless prophet lets nothing deflect for long his dogged pursuit of Armageddon. Alsop is an indefatigable legman, and he trudges an international beat. But headquarters is the house on Dumbarton Avenue where Alsop lives and writes in rooms merry with the chirrups of a yellow and green parrot, four finches and two parakets.

Each morning at 8:30 the chronic pessimist impeccably geared, comes down to a dietary breakfast of one boiled egg and a bit of fruit, served by José, his Filipino batman; having melted years ago to a svelte 175 lbs.* Alsop wages unremitting war against a tendency to stoutness, rarely eats a square meal. By 10 or so, with the help of his secretary, Evelyn Puf-fenberger ("Miss Puff"), he has waded through required reading. By noon, on an ordinary day, he has probably insulted at least one person, an assignment he set for himself while still a young man, Scorning pipelines and corridor leaks, he gathers his news from the source, by rule-ofthumb schedules four interviews a day six days a week. A facile writer, Alsop can knock out a 750-word column in an hour.

Doom in August. The postwar period, heaping crisis on crisis, has provided a suitably gothic backdrop for the Alsopian anxiety. Times have indeed been consistently jeopardous, and the eloquent voice of Joe Alsop, amplified by syndication, has dedicated itself to the cause of scaring tranquil humanity into its wits.

But a steady shrill of terror, however real, eventually falls on deafened cars. "I feel pretty good," said General Lauris Norstad, NATO'S top military commander, after a talk with his old friend Alsop-'Joc said the world wasn't going to hell in June after all, but August.' Most long in people concell. Alsop's foible—and abroad, all the basic journalistic stock in trade—is that he cannot accept peril as it is, but must persistently exaggerate it and its imminence, and treat it as if only he

* Commanded by his physician in 1937 to lose weight, Alsop spent three reducing months in Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, got down to trimness, paid the hefty medical bill by selliny an article on his experience, "How It Feels to Look Like Everybody Else," to the Satesepost.

The dignity of age ...



The dignity of age . . . the wisdom of experience . . . the pleasures of reflection—these are but a few of the blessings that come with the passing of the years. And how wonderful it is to reflect on the number of those years that have now been added to the span of life—and on the health and happiness with which they have been filled. The achievements that have made this possible are the achievements of science and of medicine—antibiotics and hormones to fight disease and ease pain . . . tranquilizing agents to bring peace of mind . . . vitamins and minerals to add

strength and vigor. And written hard in the history of so many of these triumphs, you will find the name Pfizer. With an ever-accelerated pace, Pfizer research has devoted itself to creating newer, better medicines and better methods for their production. Today, with nearly a thousand scientists and with a world-wide network of manufacturing facilities, Pfizer is a recognized leader in virtually very phase of biochemical engineering. This, then, is Pfizer. Its taskmaster, disease. Its watchword, progress. Its inspiration, the dignity of the human life.



recognized and was trying to do something about it.



"Sonorama" Editor Claude-Maxe Read, look and listen,

The Magazine That Talks

"I've trapped men and events while they are still aliwe, and sheltered them from the passage of time." So said Claude Caude-Maxe in Paris last week, as he launched the first periodical in history to appeal more to the ear than to the eye. The first issue of his Sonorama, which he plans to publish monthly, has ro pages of pictures and text bound in with six control of the process of the process of the process of process of the process of the process of the process of the translucent pasts.

To get an earful, the Somoroma listenerreader merely folds back the issue on its plastic hinges, slips it on the turntable spindle through a ready-made hole in the center of the magazine. Wide-ranging and middle-browed, the first issue opens with a pretentious foreword ("In the beginning was the word"), ploted strough some humdrum popular singing, burrs with the costance of the word with the condense of the word with the conse chat's about Boy Friend Soath Disad ("I'm at the end of the world with Sacha"). Somoram comes close to justifying Editor Claude-Maxe's lofty claims with two superb records of last summer's drama, when France wobbled between chaos and revolution: General Jacques Massu hoarsely bellowing defiance from an Algerian bloomy; rioters clashing on the Champs Elysées; De Gaulle solemnly telling a press conference that he will serve, and later singing La Marseillasis in his booming, resonant voice.

Editor Claude-Maxe, 45, a longtime peddler of ideas to newspapers, radio stations and ad agencies, will sell the magazine at newsstands (price: \$1.20) instead of record shops, claims each record will play up to 1,000 times. "After years of selling ideas to others," he said, "I've finally sold one to myself."

As Parisians began to give Sonorama a whirl, Claude-Maxe was sure he had sold himself a good idea. He confidently printed 60,000 copies of the first issue, saw 20,000 snapped off the stands in four days, ordered another 40,000. Next month he plans to print 150,000 (with scenes and recordings from the life of Pope Pius XII), and he thinks he can hear a circulation of 300,000.

Canceled Seal

Herbert Raymond Mayes was a Hearst editor in the old tradition-bellowing, belligerent, brilliant. He joined the empire in 1927, became editor of the moneymaking monthly Good Housekeeping in 1938. Says a freelancer who has felt his whip: "Mayes ran that magazine like the overseer of a chain gang." He did everything from assigning articles to writing heads, often refashioned passages of fiction without bothering to tell the author. His editorial recipe served the housewife a hasty pudding of bland fiction, beauty tips, and advice ranging from babies to plumbing. This year Good Housekeeping has a circulation of 4,233,252, tops in its 73-year history, and ad revenues are up some \$200,000 over last year.

Writing this record, Editor Mayes brooked no interference. Trouble started in 1955 when suave, shrewd Richard Deems was promoted from the advertising side of the Hearst magazines to executive vice president in charge of all magazine operations. The two strongwilled men began a struggle for position— Mayes opposing any tinkering, Deems

trying to establish himself.

One morning last week Deems ended
the struggle by calling Mayes into his
office and fring him. His successor: able
Wade H. Nichols, 43, editor of McCall's
Redbook, who will move to Good Housekeeping at \$65,000 base pay plus bonuses.
A man who deleastes responsibility, Nichand the stable of the stable of the stable of the stable
to from 1,915,005 when he took over
in 1,940 to 2,91,676 this year.

Minus the Good Housekeeping scal of approval, wiry, grey-thatched Herb Mayes, 58, still had some of the scal's benefits. To get rid of him, Deems bought his contract, which ran for 2½ more years at a salary close to Stop.ooc.

A healthier, more active old age



Every year the number of Americans over 65 increases dramatically...by 1960 there will be nearly two million more than in 1955! But thanks to modern metabolic medicine, America's senior citizens can now enjoy a healthier, more active old age.

The aging process is often speeded by deficiencies of vitamins and minerals, hormones and high-quality protein. Through research, the pharmaceutical industry has developed medicinal preparations that supply a scientific balance of these vital health factors. Pfizer has been a leader in producing such geriafric formulations.

Mental "well-being"

Pfizer research has also contributed life-saving antibiotics, drugs to treat arthritis, high blood pressure, heart ailments...and drugs to relieve tension, anxiety and mental illness. At Pfizer, "science for the world's well-being" very much includes mental as well as physical "well-being."

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ART



VAN GOGH'S LAST SKETCH IN LETTER TO THEO: "CALM EVEN IN THE CATASTROPHE"

Promise Redeemed

Thanks for your letter. I was glad to

hear you arrived home safely. I missed you the first few days; it was strange not to find you when I came home in the evening . . .

This note by the 19-year-old Vincent van Gogh, then a salesman in Goupil's art gallery in The Hague, to his younger brother Theo, 15, began the greatest correspondence in the history of art, Eighteen years and hundreds of letters later, it was to end with the letter found in Vincent's pocket after he had fatally shot himself with a revolver: "Well, the truth is, we can only make our pictures speak. But yet, my dear brother . . . I tell you again that I shall always consider you to be something more than a simple dealer in Corots, that through my mediation you have had your part in the actual production of some canvases, which will retain their calm even in the catastrophe . .

From Van Gogh's letters have already been quarried bestsellers, psychoanalytical monographs and at least one better-thanaverage movie, Lust for Life (TIME, Sept. 24. 1056). But a fuller and more vivid story than any of these is revealed with the publication of The Complete Letters of Vincent van Gogh (New York Graphic Society; \$50), a handsome three-volume set that includes 104 tipped-in facsimiles of the illustrations Vincent sketched into his letters, with the heedless profusion of a man who had far more confidence in his draftsmanship than in his vocabulary. No more stark and intimate account of a painter's agonies, slow development and indomitable courage was ever set down.

Night of the Soul. The one stable relationship of Vincent's life was with his younger brother. And it is to Theo, first cautiously, then in a torrent, that he pours forth his doubts and his struggles. From the coal pits of Belgium, he confessed to Theo his failure as a lay preacher, crying: "How can I be of use in the world? Can't I serve some purpose and be of any good?" But only a few months after this night of the soul, Vincent could write, "Well, even in that deep misery I felt my energy review, and I said to myagain: I will take up my penell, which I have forsaken in my great discouragement, and I will go on with my drawing. From that moment everything has Vincent, wan Goeh was 22 when he

found his profession; he was 37 when he died. In the ten years he painted more than 800 canvases, turned out as many or more drawings and watercolors. There is hardly a step of the way that his letters do not chronicle and enlighten.

A dramatic example of just how rich a treasure trove Van Gogh's letters can be was recently provided by Boston Museum of Fine Arts Director Perry Rathbone, Oifered an early Van Gogh, Rathbone could see little on the canvas but griny images in olive green and dull brown beneath heavy coatings of varnish. But he remembered one of Van Gogh's letters to Theo describing just such a work, "a loom on

which a piece of red cloth is being woven ... Those looms will cost me a lot of hard work yet, but in reality they are such splendid things, all that old oakwood against a grayish wall." Rathbone bought the painting, and with nothing but Van Gogh's word for it ordered the restorer to begin work, saw the original emerge in colors that matched Van Gogh's description. This week Director Rathbone will proudly put Boston's mental production of the production of t

Stubborn Foith. In art's hierarchy, Van Gogh has survived the sensationalism of severed ear lobe and suicide,* is as-

the practical joker, who carved a shriveled ear from cornbeef, smuggled it, suitably boxed and labeled, into the Museum of Modern Art's first Van Gogh show in 19.1s, caused a near mob scene,

suming the status of the most widely popular artist in Western art since Rembrandt. At San Francisco's De Young Museum, an echibition of \$4 Van Gosh paintings and 71 sketches, valued at more than \$9,000,000, most of them owned by Theo's son, Engineer incent owned in the museum's history. Empror Hirothio last week went to the Tokyo National Museum to inspect Japan's first large-scale Van Gosh exhibition (Go oils and 70 varecolors, drawings and pencil sketches care queued up outside for hours before to opening.

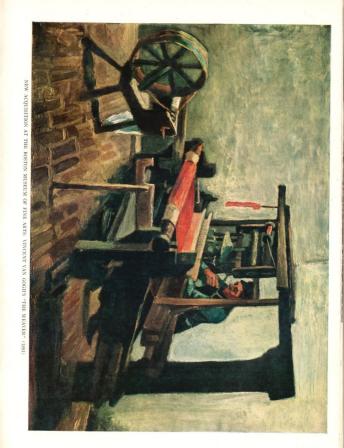
Van Gogh sold only two paintings in his lifetime. But in his letters he gives repeated proof of his stubborn faith in his own work. On one occasion, while he was still working in Holland, Van Gogh gave a still working in Holland, Van Gogh gave a remarking: "Arctually it isn' in necessary; they will surely recognize my work later on, and write about me when I'm dead and gone. I shall take care of that, if I an keep alive for some liftle time."

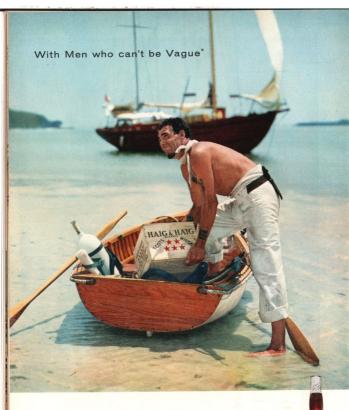
Testing the Highs

Rolls-Royces and Bentleys jammed London's narrow St. George Street one night last week, unloaded enough celebrities to make a smash Covent Garden opening night. Their objective: Sotheby's, the staid auction house where seven impressionist paintings from the collection of the late banker Jakob Goldschmidt were going under the hammer.

Only 400 bidders and selected spectators could get into the musty, greenwalled main gallery; the rest of the 1400 ricket holders were sent to other rooms, ticket holders were sent to other rooms, closed-circuit TV screens. The sale took only 21 minutes. But from the first rap of the auctioneer's hammer, prices leaped upward at a \$50,000-a-minute clip to shatter every known art auction record. § Van Gorly Public Garden at Arles

fell to Manhattan Dealers Rosenberg & TIME, OCTOBER 27, 1958





What sort of man is this . . . who makes adventure his livelihood? He's a professional who depends on his sailing skill for his very existence. He's a man of good judgment—who knows exactly what he wants from life and how to get it. A'voll "old from Ind Haig & Haig Five Star in the picture with men who can't be vague. They naturally name Scotland's Five Star Scotch, with the character they know through experience . . . the original Scotch flavor and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow. Blended Scots whisky, 80.8 Froo. © Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.

Stiebel for \$369,600, highest price ever for a Van Gogh. (Goldschmidt bought it for about \$15,000 in 1929 or 1930.)

¶ Edouard Manet's La Rue de Berne was knocked down to Georges Keller of Manhattan's Carstairs Gallery for \$316,-400, highest recorded price ever for a Manet. (Goldschmidt paid \$64,000 in 1931.) Two other routine Manets also soared up into this fiscal stratosphere; one brought \$182,000, the other \$234,000.
¶ Pierre-Auguste Renoir's La Pensée

¶ Pierre-Auguste Renoir's La Pensée went to London Dealer Edward Speelman

for \$201,600.

But not even the inflated art market or the evening's glamour prepared the assembled company for the price fetched by Cézanne's Boy in Red Vest. After the last significant lift of an eyebrow and



CÉZANNE'S "BOY IN RED VEST" Highest ever.

meaningful tug at a vest, Carstairs Gallery's Keller had outbid all others by offering a fabulous \$616,000. It was the highest price ever paid at auction for any painting (previous auction high: \$360,000 paid for Thomas Gainsborough's Harvest Wagon in Manhattan in 1928.

Staggered and stunned, bidders poured into the night air, set off for consolation champagne parties, tried to figure out what it all meant. Overall, Goldschmidt's seven oils had set an alltime record of \$2,186,800, easily surpassing last year's Lurcy sale in Manhattan, when 65 paintings racked up \$1,708,500 (TIME, Nov. 18). But it had also distorted the art market beyond both sense and sensibility. made old masters seem bargains. Rubens Meeting of Abraham and Melchizedek. just acquired by the National Gallery. was bought last year in London for a mere \$92,400; El Greco's Christ Healing the Blind brought only \$105.840. With six of the seven Goldschmidt

min sk of the Seven Codoscumius paintings bought for U.S. collectors, the experts began guessing for whom the dealers were fronting. Hottest rumor: the record-breaking Cézanne and two Manets had been bought for Philanthropist Paul Mellon. Eventual destination: the National Gallery. Washington, D.C.

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TIME, OCTOBER 27, 1958

VIEWPOINT THE THEATER

Advertising

Mithun of Minnesota

Ray Mithun, president of Campbell-Mithun, largest advertising agency in the Western half of the U. S., means no irreverence when he compares the growth of his shop to the Mayo Clinic, For he, too. has built in the heart of Minnesota the kind of establishment whose professional standards now command respect and attract admiration far beyond regional limits.



Pioneer spirit in the midwest.

"It's all a matter of pioneering," says Mithun, shooting sparks from his Nor-wegian-blue eyes, "We believe in it, and our staff of 400 is dedicated to the same spirit." Thirty-three clients, including a large chunk of the Pillsbury business, evidently like this Minneapolis-minded brand of pioneering.

Nonentities Don't Sell

"Our agency is 25 years old," explains Mithun, "When the late Ralph Campbell and I started it in '33, the very day the banks closed, we did \$197,000 the first year. Now, of course, our business is over \$40 million and we have offices on both the East and West coasts and in Chicago."

"Our basic principle is that the American consumer is always open to buy a product that's new and improved-that, in fact, pioneers. Nonentities don't sell. Innovations of all kinds-including the advertising itself-do sell."

The Desire to Improve

"To serve the American public really well," he says, "clients must have the desire to improve products and methods. And agencies must have the desire to improve advertising techniques and to lower costs. In the land of the sky-blue water, Campbell-Mithun and the companies it serves obviously do more than blue-sky thinking

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness

Old Play in Manhattan

Lorenzaccio (by Alfred de Musset) launched a three-week visit of France's Théâtre National Populaire-a people's theater which under the adventurous leadership of Jean Vilar has become popular indeed. Though French dramas of greater fame-Molière's Don Juan. Corneille's Le Cid-were to follow it on Broadway, Musset's 124-year-old romantic tragedy made a booming opening gun. For one thing, despite its many-pronged story and far too many scenes, Lorenzaccio has considerable operatic stir, psychological lure and ironic force; for another, in the economical way that this Lorenzaccio takes on both life and luster, it provides a lesson in staging.

A study in disillusionment, the play tells how republican Lorenzo de Medici. by playing the weakling and pimp, has the chance to kill the debauched, despotic Duke of Florence, only to find that the new Duke is as worthless as the old. In a role that is superficially as neurotic and high-souled and weak, and is as full of dissembling and soliloquy, as Ham-let's, Gérard Philipe played with great effect. If possibly overstressed, Lorenzaccio's effeteness stood in vivid contrast to Philippe Noiret's gruffly selfish Duke. Such performances were part of a simple but eloquent stage world—the absence of scenery made up for by brilliant lighting and costumes, the multitude of scenes moving fluidly one into another. And Lorenzaccio was save here and there. beautifully spoken: if, as André Gide remarked, the French language is a piano without pedals, it can yet have great clarity and purity of tone.

New Plays in Manhattan

The World of Suzie Wong (adapted by Paul Osborn from Richard Mason's novel) has a surging advance at the box office, but for the stage it is a shambling step backward. It tells of a young Hong Kong prostitute (France Nuyen) debauched at 13 by an uncle but in essence still fine and pure, and of an even finer and purer young Canadian painter (William Shatner) who, though achingly tempted, resists a loving, willing Suzie in scene after scene after scene, At last, when her baby is killed, he marries her, As a period-piece reproduction, Susie Wong comes in the original raspberry plush, with every dusty, looped inanity, every faded, tasseled cliché in place. Joshua Logan's staging nowhere intrudes a jarring present-day touch. Though the swarming street and café passages have hurly, and sometimes burly too, the more silences like swelling organ notes, stares into space that pulse with tension, and Two things run counter to the rest: Jo

Mielziner's ingenious, bright sets, and 19vear-old French-Chinese Actress Nuyen's fetching personality. A more slushy than



SHATNER & NUVEN IN "SUZIE Some caramel, some tart,

sexy blend of sex and slush. Suzie Wong should linger long on Broadway, just the thing for matinee ladies munching tearsplashed caramels or for gentlemen with a slightly adolescent fondness for tarts.

The Girls in 509 (by Howard Teichmann) are an aristocratic, violently Republican battle-ax and her niece (Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca), who, for the 25 years since F.D.R. went to the White House, have been hiding in a decaying family hotel under assumed names, indulging in weird hobbies, and barricading themselves against possible intruders. When at last someone manages to intrude. the girls turn out to be much less Republicans than know-nothings; they swear by the Literary Digest, are amazed that the banks have reopened and that there is a different Man in the White House, And they are soon as dissatisfied with modernday Republicans as with New Dealers, though delighted—being broke—that brother Rensselaer's old habit of buying all sorts of screwball inventions has reaped them millions in air conditioning, cellophane and nylon.

Playwright Teichmann's own screwball inventions do not pay off anywhere near so well. The Girls in 500 has truly funny moments, when a gag cuts sharp as a razor, or a prop turns into a vise. But a situation that never develops the slightest bit of story has to be relentlessly kept going with comic-strip characters and hitor-miss gags. Worse, loud and obvious staging that only Peggy Wood knows how to rise above underlines everything that is tiresome, or tinny, or both, Actually, The Girls in 509 has just enough winning gags and gadgets for a topnotch revue skit. In its present form, Playwright Teichmann, having come up with a bright idea, clung to it until it pulled him down,

MILESTONES

Morriage Disclosed. Herbert von Karajan, 50. Salzburg-born orrchestra conductor, widely known as "Generalmusikdirektor of the continent of Europe," who was recently divorced (TDR, Sept. 22) by his second wife after 16 years of marriage; and Eliette Mouret, 19, French model; in Megève, France.

Died. Josef Wintrich, 67, president of West Germany's Federal Constitutional Court, which in 1956 handed down the decision outlawing the Communist Party in West Germany; of a heart attack; in Karlsruhe, West Germany.

Died, Jack Norton (real name: Mortimer J. Naughton), 69, who was known to millions through his role on stage (Ziegleld Follies, Earl Carroll's Vanities) and screen (The Farmer's Daughter, The Fleet's In) as a staggering drunk, usually in top hat and tails; of a respiratory ailment; at Sarana Lake, NY.

Died. Winona Fisher, 70, daughter of 98-year-old Primitivist Painter Anna Mary Robertson (Grandma) Moses; of a heart attack; in Cambridge, N.Y. Of Grandma Moses ten children, two survive. Seven years ago, at 63, Winona returned from California to look after her aging mother.

Died, Esmé Stuart Lennox Robinson, 72, Irish dramatist (The Whiteheaded Boy, The Lost Leader, The Far-Off Hillst), a longtime director of Dublin's Abbey Theatre, short-time secretary to George Bernard Shaw, in Dublin.

Died. Sir Douglas Mawson, 76, Australian explorer of the Antarctic, longtime (1920-52) professor of geology and mineralogy at the University of Adelaide; in Adelaide. Born in Yorkshire, Douglas Mawson went to Australia as a child, made his first journey to Antarctica in 1907 under Ernest Shackleton, was one of three men to reach the south magnetic pole. Leading his own expedition in 1911. he discovered George V Coast; and on one of the most legendary Antarctic journeys, he was the only survivor among three men, at one point had to stew his sledge dogs to stay alive. In 1929 he made a third expedition that rough-mapped the coastline of Australia's Australia-sized land claim in Antarctica.

Died. Celso Cardinal Costantini, 82, Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, longtime apostolic delegate in China; in Rome, The death of Cardinal Costantini reduced the College of Cardinals to 54 and its Italian membership to 17.

Died. Abram Garfield, 85, patriarchitect of Cleveland, son of U.S. President James Abram Garfield; in Cleveland. As a boy, Garfield lived briefly in the White House during his father's short presidency in 1881.



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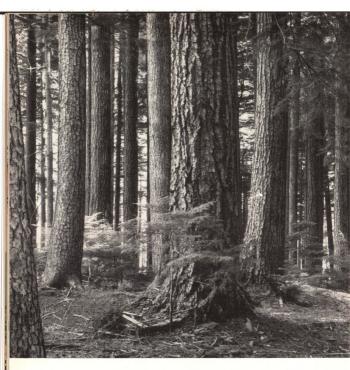


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TIME, OCTOBER 27, 1958



RESERVED FOR

These giant Douglas Firs will play a vital role in the future. In a planned harvesting cycle, they will become plywood, the modern product for which there is an almost insatiable need. Each new advance in home design and construction brings an increase in the uses of plywood. Today plywood is used in everything from concrete forms to luxurious interior panelling.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Toward the Peak

The U.S. economy, as measured by the gross national product, has climbed almost back to its alltime high. So Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks told the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council last week at Hot Springs, Va. On top of the fact that the gross national product rate in July-September apparently was around \$440 billion, v. the recession's low of \$425.8 billion in January-March, Weeks predicted that the final-quarter G.N.P. rate will hit \$450 billion, v. the prerecession peak of \$445.6 billion in the summer of 1957-and go even higher in 1959.

Unemployment, which dropped 600,000 in September, is expected to drop that much more in October. This would take the nation's work force into Thanksgiving and the pre-Christmas shopping season with 3.500,000 out of work-well below the 5,000,000 average for the first eight

months of 1958.

Income Up. Equally good recovery news was the fact that personal income in September rose to a seasonally adjusted rate of \$357.5 billion from \$356.1 billion in August. This third consecutive recordbreaking month made certain that 1958 would surpass 1957. For the first nine months of 1058 personal income has run at the rate of \$351.6 billion, v. a rate of only \$347.5 billion in 1957. Wage and salary disbursements in September rose \$40 million to a rate of \$230.1 billion.

September private housing starts, at 108,000, lifted the seasonally adjusted



rate to 1,220,000, making last month the homebuilders' best September since 1955. Counting 10,000 public housing starts, it was the residential construction industry's best all-round September since 1950. Freight carloadings continued their fiveweek climb, rising 9,122 in the week to a new 1958 high of 686,138. Estimated steel production last week pushed to 73.6% of capacity, up from 71.6% during the week before.

Durables Down. The consumer durables industry still lagged. Largely because of a 40% drop between August and September in auto assemblies, total September industrial output rose only to 137% of the 1947-49 average, a one-point increase over the 136% recalculated for August, which was the smallest monthly rise since the recession turned around last spring.

As the wildcat strikes that cut auto output were being gradually settled, auto production was starting up. Last week Ward's reported weekly car output at 45,003 units, v. 34,834 the week before. Chrysler production was rescheduled at 60% and Ford 25% ahead of the previous week. General Motors had not produced a car since Oct. 2. but this week at least two G.M. plants, the main Olds plant at Lansing, Mich. and the Buick-Olds-Pontiac to get back into production.

History & Hysteria

Wall Street last week made some history and some hysteria. On the opening day of trading on the New York Stock Exchange, industrials continued their rise to record highs, and utilities touched their highest since Sept. 23, 1930; three times the tape fell behind. Next day the market turned right around and headed down. falling 4.23 points on the Dow-Jones industrial average. Not since President Eisenhower's heart attack in September 1055 had the market seen such heavy trading. As 5,110,000 shares changed hands, the tape fell behind seven times, once as much as 15 minutes, for the greatest number of late tapes since the Exchange began to count them in 1940. Wednesday the market tumbled further, and industrials dropped 5.58 in heavy trading.

Shortly after the market closed, the Federal Reserve Board raised margin requirements from 70% to 90% (buyers must put up 90% cash on their stock purchases), the highest requirement in eleven years. The Fed said it was alarmed by the rise in public borrowing to buy securities (which reached a record \$4.3 billion in September), wanted to protect the public from getting in too deep. Actually, the public, i.e., small investors, has been getting out of the market since June. Not a Dime. Day after the Fed's an-

nouncement, industrials moved up again. At week's end the rally sent industrials up 6.25 points to set another historic high at 546,36. The week's daily average volume of 4.880,514 was the highest for any week since July 22, 1033.

Blue chips were the chief gainers in the market rise, but many a less distinguished stock chalked up impressive gains. The week's most active stock was Studebaker-Packard. Though the company has not earned a dime in four years, its stock gained 15 for the week, largely on the strength of a recapitalization program approved by stockholders at midweek. In two months Studebaker's stock has doubled its value.

TIME CLOCK

AIR FARES will go up an average 3% to 4%. CAB ruled that lines may end 5% discounts on first-class round trips, cut family plan dis-counts from 50% to 331/3%, charge extra for each stopover. But CAB warned that these boosts will be discontinued next July 31 unless lines cut other fares, e.g., by offer-ing a cheaper tourist fare.

COMMUTER SUBSIDY will be tried by Philadelphia in six-month test. City council will give \$160,000 to the Pennsylvania and Reading railroads. In return, rails will increase commuter trains to and from suburban Chestnut Hill, and pare one-way fare from 53¢ to 30¢.

\$790 MILLION OIL AID is soon planned for Argentina by U.S. investment group spearheaded by George E. Allen, presidential golf pal. Group plans to extend \$170 pal. Group plans to extend \$170 million in credit to Argentina, will do \$300 million worth of drilling and build \$320 million worth of pipelines, producing facilities in Argentina. In U.S. group are Atlas Corp., Petro-Atlas, Inc., Williams Bros. Corp. and Midcontinent Ex-ploration Co.

ELECTRONICS OUTPUT in 1958 will show first drop in decade, to \$6.9 billion from \$7 billion last year. Commerce Department cites sharp first-half cut in consumer purchases of TV sets and radios. But strong second-half comeback is expected.

NEW CREDIT CARD will be offered by Chase Manhattan Bank, second-biggest U.S. bank (No. 1, Bank of America), for use in New York City retail stores. Card holders will be charged nothing if they pay all bills each month, but can delay payments up to five months for charge of 1% of unpaid balance. Retailers will pay 6% service fee

CIGARETTE SHIPMENTS, up 2.6% so far this year, rose to all-time high of 39.6 billion in August, topping earlier record 39.1 billion in August 1950, during Korean war.

Forget the Present, Worry about inflation was one of the factors sending the market skyward. There was also realization that lagging earnings can come back fast (see below). Thus, though stocks in historic terms are overpriced (18 times earnings for the industrials), many Wall Streeters are using a method to evaluate them which simply disregards the present, Said Edmund W. Tabell, top market analyst for Walston & Co.: "What an investor must do is take an average of earnings over the past five years [\$32 for the industrials], measure it against projected 1959 earnings [now being quoted at a record \$40], and come up with something in between. What happens? By overlooking 1958 earnings, you are not really paying 18 times earnings at today's prices, but only 15 times earnings, which is a reasonable ratio in a business recovery," Tabell's prediction: the market will go to 750 within two years.

Many of the experts, who only a few months ago were predicting that the market would go down, joined Tabell in secing a big rise abend. Yet Wall Street was hard-pressed to find logic in the rise. Said Daniel L. Guttnan, partner of Zuckerman, Smith & Co., "The ravages of inflation are buy stocks today only as inflation hedges is like locking the barn after the horse is out,"

Profits: Reaching Higher

Corporate profits, following just about everything else (see above). are turning up—and in some cases turning up sharply. Among the standowts last week was Pr. Lorillard Co. (Kent. Newport, Old Gold). President Lewis Gruber, who took over two years ago and soon started sales of \$7.478.50 to \$3.076.00 kg. 18.1 year. For the first nine months of 1958, Lorillard earned \$1.93.03.109 or \$6.46 a share



LORILLARD'S LEWIS GRUBER New gold in Old Gold.



N.A.H.B.'s \$13,500 RESEARCH HOUSE IN KNOXVILLE New tricks with old materials.

v. \$1.82 for the comparable 1957 period. Campbell Soup Co. stockholders also got good news. In the company year just ended. Campbell for the first time pushed sales over the half-billion mark, earned a record \$31,530,460 v. \$29,949,148 the year before. Minneapolis-Honeywell (regulators) had the best third-quarter in its history in both sales and earnings. It earned \$5,847,624 v. \$4,143,615 for the July-September period of 1957. Even where business has been worst, in the railroads, there was good news, Pennsylvania Railroad, operating in the red for most of this year, reported that in September it operated in the black for the second consecutive month. At the same time railroads that had been making money did even better. Northern Pacific reported that the September gross of \$18.285,000 was the second best month in its history. But the business pattern was varied. Some companies were on the upswing while others were still looking for the turn

Other Third-Quarter Earnings 1958 (in millions)	1957
General Electric \$58.6 Raytheon Mfg. 2.5 Underwood Corp. 9 (loss: IBM 40.9 (including non-recurring \$14 million capital gain:	22.3
CONSTRUCTION Johns-Manville \$ 7.0 General Portland Cement 2.5 Ideal Cement 6.0 Penn-Dixie Cement 3.4	\$ 5.7 1.1 5.5 2.2
Monsanto CHEMICALS Monsanto \$ 8.0 Dow 11.1 Allied 8.1	\$ 8.8 14.1 10.8
CONSUMER NONDURABLES Parke, Davis \$ 5.2 Revion 4.6 Colgate-Palmolive 6.4	\$ 6.1 4.3 6.2
Allegheny Ludlum Jones & Laughlin Kaiser STEEL \$ 1.2 6.7 1.9 (loss)	\$ 2.0 11.4 3.4
A. T. & T. UTILITIES S189.4	\$173.2
American AIRLINES \$ 6.1°	\$ 3.6

* Includes approximately \$1.1 million owing to 1958 revised depreciation policy.

HOUSING More for Less

The U.S. housing industry last week demonstrated how better homes can be built for less money. In Knoaville, Tenn, the National Association of Home Builders opened a three-bedroom, 1,051 sq., ft model aimed at showing builders how new materials and new uses for old materials can turn the trick. Price: 81,500, achieved mainly by pre-assembled hard-board components. Top featurents. Top featurents.

Masonite wall sections prefinished inside and out with built-in insulation, ready for quick raising at the site. The outside hardboard surface is wood composition, the inside plastic-coated. Sound-proof ceilings also come in composition sections with insulation pre-attached. An exterior paint made by Du Pont lasts 20 years, sharply cuts maintenance costs.

¶ Aluminum roof sheets, made by Alcoa, which need no replacing, help keep the house cool. The aluminum roof, laid over plywood sheathing, is highly resistant to hurricane winds, and strong enough to support a 50-ft-deep load of dry snow.

¶ All-plastic plumbing to save more money, along with an aerobic sewage-disposal system (including garbage grinder) that greatly reduces water use. A newly designed toilet needs only 1 gal. of water at a time compared to 6 gal. for current models. Electrical wiring through the house comes in a pre-assembled package, ready for much faster installation that cuts high-rost labor.

¶ Ceiling-to-floor (8 ft.) doors and win-dows that simplify building. They also improve air circulation, make the house's six rooms seem much more spacious. Another cost-cutter: African-oak floor squares laid directly on the concrete foundation slab; they are only half as thick as ordinary wood parquet flooring yet are just as durable.

The N.A.H.B.'s \$13,500 house is completely air-conditioned (heating and cooling), comes with all appliances, including a dishwasher, clothes washer and dryer, has an attractive fenced patio and carport. Without these features it could cost as little as \$0,600. N.A.H.B. President Nels Severin likes it so well that he plans to build one in \$an Diego.

INFLATION FEARS_

State of Mind v. State of Facts

THE public has become obsessed with the fear of inflation." Thus last week spoke Dr. William C. Freund, economist for the Prudential Insurance Co. of America, in taking an unfrightened look at the bogeyman that haunts the U.S. economic revival. The worry that inflation is ready to start shooting prices up again is nowhere more evident than in the stock market, which last week reached a new high (see State of Business). But is the new inflation psychology justified by the economic facts? Answers Dr. Freund: "The stock market reflects a too acute awareness of the long-term aspects of inflation at a time when the danger of inflation is simply not

While economists agree that the fear of inflation is outdistancing reality, they manfully take part of the blame themselves. Says a top Government economist: "Some of us may have warned a bit too well. You can't flaunt a specter as vigorously as this one has been flaunted without scaring some people. I'm afraid a lot of our problem of inflationary psychology has been of the Government's own making." Even the Federal Reserve Bank, which waved the warning flag hardest. is having some second thoughts. Says a Fed spokesman: "As you look at the economy now, inflation is a state of mind rather than a state of facts.'

The facts: aside from the stock market, whose rise has also been sparked by the expectation of better business and profits, virtually every economic indicator that usually signal indiato in a failing to do so now. Chief among these is inventory liquidation, which has continued despite the rewould have to pay more for raw materials six months from now, they would start building up inventories instead of continuing to cut them.

One reason businessmen do not expect to pay more for their materials is that most commodity prices, which are quick to reflect inflationary pressures. have remained steady. The sensitive price index for 22 primary commodities, for example, remains close to the lows reached last fall. Since wholesale prices usually foretell retail prices, this promises well for the consumer. Another happy sign for the consumer is that consumer prices actually declined last month. Most businessmen agree that despite price increases in autos and a few other items, there will be few shifts in price levels over the next six to twelve months-a distinctly noninflationary factor.

One big factor in keeping prices level is the excess capacity built by LVS. industry during the boom. This was more permist the economy to recover and expand without pressure on production resources, this preventing demand from overrunning supply—and fooring up prices—in the fashiot profug up rockers—in the fashiot profug up roc

The rise in productivity is vital because it helps offset rising labor costs, a big push behind inflation. So far, productivity is running sheed of 1958 productivity is running sheed of 1958 productive in running sheed in recent years (45° wage rise for Ford). The cost of the new contracts of the recent years of the recent written into 1950 car because it is recently a recent production of the recent production of the

Could a splurge in car buying put strong pressure on naw material prices? Says Norman B. Ture, staff economist of the Joint Economic Committee: "I don't see it. Say autos go up to 6.000. Oo. That won't be enough to exert real pressure on steel, aluminum, glass or rubber capacity. So a good strong death of the committee of the comomy." And just as there we materials, so is there still an ample labor supply to keep a brake on wazes.

The biggest inflationary specter rises out of the Government's huge (\$12 billion) deficit, Yet even there the worry is lessening. Just as last year's deficit was bigger than anyone expected because tax returns dropped in the business slump, so the current deficit may be smaller by \$1 billion or \$2 billion as business improves and tax payments increase, Says a U.S. Treasury spokesman: "An unbalanced budget does not just of itself create inflation. The extent to which you put it in the banks is the extent of its inflation. This \$12 billion will be financed partly by the banks, but that part will not be enough to change the direction of the country. The deficit has become an overemphasized symbol of inflation.

The signs that runaway inflation is not a present danger do not mean that inflation is dead forever. But barring another Korea, or a letup in the Federal Reserve Board's vigilance over monetary policies, most economists feel that the price level will be stable for at least a year.

AVIATION Pan Am Up, BOAC Down

In front of mammoth Hangar 10 at Washington's National Airport last week. the First Lady of the U.S. smashed a bottle of water from the seven seas on the fuselage of a Pan American Boeing 707-and officially ushered the U.S. into the commercial jet age. With water still dripping from a steel plate installed to protect it from Mamie Eisenhower's blow, the newly christened jet clipper America was pulled out onto the apron while 6.000 guests looked on. An hour later the plane screamed down a 7,000-ft. runway and off to Baltimore, where it took aboard 41 notables (including Pan Am President Juan Trippe and 33 newspaper and magazine executives) for a junket to Brussels. Just seven hours and 10 minutes after leaving Baltimore, it landed on the rainswept runway at Brussels' Melsbroek Airport. Average speed: 540 m.p.h.

The flight was a prelude to the start of scheduled commercial flights between New York and Paris this week, and between New York and Paris this week, and between New York and London Nov.; 6. Still up in the air are flights to Rome. Though Rome Last week gave technical clearance Rome Last week gave technical clearance returned to the London Lampino Auport the Italian Cartena Carte

clearance comes through.

Pan Am lost the race to use the first pure jets on the Atlantic run with revenue passengers when BOAC's Comet IV three weeks ago began a weekly London-New York run. BOAC hoped to follow up its head start by beginning daily New York-London flights on Nov. 14. Last week BOAC's Comets were grounded by a wildcat strike of maintenance workers that stopped all BOAC flights out of London Airport. The strike was called by longtime Communist Union Leader Sid Maitland after five maintenance men said they were fired for refusing to work overtime, the climax of a long dispute over wages. If the strike continues, all BOAC flights will soon be grounded. Even if the strike ends soon, it is doubtful that enough air crewmen can pack in their Comet training in time to begin the daily transatlantic flights. Said a BOAC official last week: "It's bitter to have run so hard and then see the tape snapped just as you're going to breast it."

SELLING & MARKETING Happy Marriage

For years, Morton D. May, president of May Department Stores' St. Louis-based chain of 35 stores, and Robert H. Levi, president of Baltimore's and Washington's Hecht Co, have kept their stores on friendly terms, swapping ideas about on friendly terms, swapping ideas about priendship that week the long triendship that the store of the long triendship that the store of the long triendship and termed it "the biggest in retail his and termed it "the biggest in retail his and termed it "the biggest in retail his tory." The new company's president: en-

ergetic "Buster" May, 44-

With combined sales of \$638,084,826 in the twelve months ending Aug 2, the new 46-store chain will rank a shade below Federated Department Stores, whose comparable sales were \$640,305,483.

Roddy-Mode Anchor, For May, the merger was a golden chance to get a ready-made anchor in an economically stable area of the East, integrate May's Baltimore store, which has been lagging behind other May stores, into Hecht's Baltimore operation. Hecht stores, which will continue to use the Hecht mane, will will continue to use the Hecht mane, will continue to use the Hecht mane, will continue to use the Hecht mane, will continue to the Hecht store of the May have been continued to the Hecht store of the May have been continued to the Hecht store of the fastest growing U.S. population areas.



May's Morton D. May Linking two chains,

e.g., Los Angeles and Denver. If stockholders approve—and they are expected to—May Co. 'will swap ol shares of its common stock for each ten shares of Hecht. Hecht Chairman Samuel M. Hecht will become a member of the new May board, and Levi will become a board member and vice president.

The merger joins two of the nation's oldest store chains. Hecht was founded as a furniture store in east Baltimore in 1857 by Immigrant Peddler Samuel Hecht, four of whose five sons later entered the business (present Chairman Hecht is a grandson). May Co. got its start in 1878 in Leadville, Colo., a mining boom town where David May, a 26-year-old German immigrant, founded a clothing store. David May spread his stores through the Midwest, and his son Morton J. May, Buster May's father and the chairman of May Co., expanded the chain coast to coast. Buster still consults with his father but has run his own show since taking over as chief executive officer in 1957.

Basement Rise. Buster started his rise in the complaint department of May's Famous-Barr store in St. Louis during va-

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about distributing large blocks of stock—and you may hear the name Merrill Lynch, Why?

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hundreds of thousands of prospective buyers . . . Because a steadily growing number of companies are coming to

us for effective distribution of sizable blocks of securities.

Here, for example, are some representative distributions in which we participated during the first half of this year, together with the number of

shares sold wholly through our own organization.

NAME OF COMMON STOCKS	Number of Shares We Sold	Number of Buyers	Number of States in which We Sold Issue
ACF-WRIGLEY STORES, INC.	10,000	65	15
AIR REDUCTION CO., INC.	7,000	179	19
ALUMINIUM LIMITED	60,398	476	30
AMERICAN CAN COMPANY	33,000	793	32
*American Electronics, Inc.	60,205	384	27
AMERICAN HERITAGE LIFE INSURANCE CO.	170,999	1,141	32
AMERICAN NATIONAL INSURANCE Co. (Galveston)	71,294	613	35
*Archer-Daniels-Midland Co.	30,700	319	29
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION	9,910	127	25
BORG-WARNER CORPORATION	5,790	44	20
*Burroughs Corporation	25,548	281	29
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO., INC.	8,001	97	19
FEDERATED DEPARTMENT STORES, INC.	4,000	48	17
FOOD FAIR STORES, INC.	15,000	229	23
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION	50,000	577	33
GENERAL TELEPHONE CORPORATION	17,688	690	33
GULF OIL CORPORATION	10,131	185	25
GULF STATES UTILITIES CO.	88,254	1,079	37
Illinois Central R.R. Co.	12,022	116	28
INGERSOLL-RAND COMPANY	21,546	286	26
JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION	10,100	101	30
Lykes Bros. Steamship Co.	25,020	296	26
Merck & Co., Inc.	13,734	190	24
NORTHERN INDIANA PUBLIC SERVICE CO.	22,246	341	27
*OKLAHOMA NATURAL GAS CO.	25,286	277	25
*OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORP.	40,167	479	34
Pepsi-Cola General Bottlers, Inc.	45,000	243	27
PFIZER (Chas.) & Co., Inc.	12,659	123	23
*PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY	40,000	482	34
PORTLAND GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.	15,000	125	19
PROCTER & GAMBLE COMPANY	10,428	74	23
Searle (G. D.) & Co.	15,599	317	29
STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW JERSEY	10,000	109	30
TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION CO.	65,231	792	28
Texas Company	13,000	185	28
TEXAS EASTERN TRANSMISSION CORP.	30,051	282	29
TEXAS GAS TRANSMISSION CORP.	14,606	142	25
TEXAS GAS TRANSMISSION CORP.	8,679	101	20
TEXAS UTILITIES COMPANY	7,870	150	17
TRANSAMERICA CORPORATION	8,500	84	26
United Gas Corporation	50,000	571	34
U. S. GYPSUM COMPANY	5,505	58	22
*WEST VIRGINIA PULP & PAPER Co. Exchange distributions handled wholly within our	6,000	54	16

*Exchange distributions handled wholly within our own organization at spreads you might think were surprisingly low.

If you have a block of securities that you would like to sell, may we invite your inquiry? For a confidential discussion of the problem, just phone or write WILLIAM H. CULBERTSON, Partner in charge of the Sales Division.

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cations from Dartmouth ('36), spent two summers traveling through Russia, Manchuria and Japan as a photographic assistant to crack freelance photographer Julien Bryan. He worked his way through Famous-Barr's bargain basement, after a wartime stint as a Navy officer rose to vice president and manager of the company's two St. Louis stores before moving up to president in 1951.

As helmsman of the new chain. Buster May will need all his selling skill to outrace his rivals. He is confident that he will win, is going ahead with new May stores in San Diego, Denver and the San Fernan-

do Valley.

MODERN LIVING 86-Proof American

In colonial days, Kentuckians (then Virginians) with a whisky taste had trouble chasing away the demon rum. The rum-makers once put through a law boosting the legal price to \$15 a half pint. The Bourbon County grand jury even indicted James Garrard, a Baptist minister who later became Governor of the state, for illegal whisky selling. But by 1789, tenacious Bourbon County distillers had finally given corn likker an old Kentucky home. Though ten years ago bourbon was only 13% of total domestic whisky sold. last year it was 47%. Last week bourbon reached another pinnacle: in nationwide newspaper ads adorned with a sober American eagle, the newly formed Bourbon Institute kicked off a \$1,000,000 promotional campaign "dedicated to bringing worldwide recognition to a great American tradition.

Behind the institute was its founder and sole member so far. Schenley Industries, whose President Lewis S. Rosenstiel has even more urgent feelings about bourbon than did the Rev. Garrard. Schenley reportedly holds 60% to 70% of all the old whisky in the U.S. (most of it bourbon), mainly because it over-stockpiled during the Korean war on the mistaken theory that a shortage was in store.

Hammerhead. Trouble is that bourbon faces sharp competition in the battle of straight whiskies against blends, which took over the wartime market. Drinkers acquired a preference for the milder blends against the headhammering effect of 100-proof straight bourbon. To recoun. distillers have been lightening bourbon toward the minimum allowable 80 proof. which also cuts the excise tax and lowers retail prices. Such leading brands as Schenley's I. W. Harper, National Distillers' Old Crow and Old Grand-Dad, now come in 86 proof, one reason for the rise of straight whiskies from 9% of the total market in 1949 to 24% now.

Nonwhisky liquors have also bounced up, nearly doubling their market share since 1949 to 23%. The reason again is mildness; odorless, light-bodied vodka has jumped from virtually nothing to 6% of liquor sales. Scotch and Canadian whiskies have sliced into U.S. distillers' markets until imports are 13% of total liquor sales.

Whiskey Americain. Rosenstiel is not only betting on lighter, milder bourbon to take 50% of the U.S. market for domestic whisky this year, but hopes to sell it heavily abroad where bourbon is more foreign than vodka is to Americans, Musing over possible results, the trade magazine Advertising Age printed an imaginary dialogue in a Paris bistro

"Avez-vous du bourbon? . . . C'est un whiskey americain."

"Americain? Come Coca-Cola?"

"Non, non . . . N'avez-vous jamais entendu parler du Bourbon Institute?'

"Bourbon Institute? Qu'est-ce que Non? Alors, monsiour, je regrette . . "O.K. Ça ne fait rien. Donnez-moi un Cinzano.

"Bien, monsieur."



SEEBURG'S COLEMAN & STERES IUKEBOX The dollars go round and round.

CORPORATIONS Money in the Box

A fascinating rhythm blared last week from Chicago's Seeburg Corp., the world's biggest jukebox maker. Three years ago Seeburg gave mankind the 200-selection machine. This year the sound in Seeburg's gaudy new juke is stereophonic. To the jukebox industry, the new sound is only a little newer than the two young men who call the tune for Seeburg: President Delbert W. Coleman and Board Chairman Herbert J. Siegel, The corporation (fiscal 1958 sales: about \$25 million) makes not only jukeboxes but most of Western Union's facsimile equipment, plus key electronic components for the Nike and Sidewinder missiles. Two years ago, at the ripe ages of 31 and 28, Coleman and Siegel got control of Seeburg with a display of financial virtuosity worthy of Cash McCall.

Northwest Passage. Siegel and Coleman joined forces in Philadelphia while Siegel (a Lehigh journalism graduate) was commuting to a small job with a Manhattan TV film firm, and Coleman (Harvard, '48) was attending the University of Pennsylvania law school. They bought a stake in a soft drink company. swapped their interest for a Cleveland chemical company, whose earnings they doubled in ten months. Then in 1955 they spotted Pittsburgh's ailing Fort Pitt beer company, and took it over with all the éclat of two cub scouts finding the Northwest Passage.

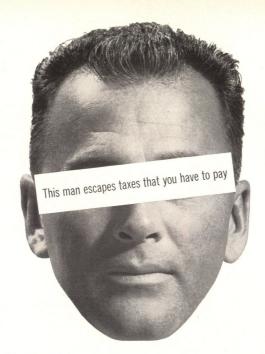
Fort Pitt had once been Pennsylvania's top brewer, but a strike had laid it low. Its big asset to Coleman and Siegel was a \$1,800,000 loss that could be offset against profits if merged with a profitable company. With \$1,500,000 in bank loans, they merged two profitable overcoat companies (owned by Siegel's family) with Fort Pitt, and wound up with control of Fort Pitt.

To take advantage of the tax losses, they began looking for another company with healthy earnings, decided on the family-owned Seeburg Corp., which had annual pretax earnings averaging \$2,000,-000. The family wanted to sell for \$8,000,000 in cash. \$2,000,000 in five-year notes. All but \$3,300,000, could be covered by Seeburg's liquid assets-but how to raise that? Despite a tight money squeeze, they succeeded in borrowing it, partly from the Seeburgs themselves. Do-It-Ourselves. With the company,

Coleman and Siegel also got heavy debts at high interest rates. To climb out, Coleman negotiated a swap with the Seeburgs of \$1,200,000 in cash for the \$2,-000,000 owed in notes, borrowed another \$700,000 from them, Siegel raised more from Philadelphia's Donner Foundation and the New York Water Corp. In addition, they sold off their Fort Pitt clothing and beer business for \$3,000,000 plus a hefty beer royalty from the new brewery owners. With Seeburg's cash position in shape, they were able to pay off their bank debts for the original Fort Pitt deal -and buy Eastern Electric Inc.'s electrical cigarette vending machine business.

Last month the great Monopoly game ended. Coleman and Siegel retired nearly all their high interest debts by negotiating with Chicago's First National Bank a single \$3,150,000 loan that runs for five years at 5%. "For two years we'd been putting our fingers in the dike, first here, then there," says Siegel. "What a relief."

Each of the Monopoly players now personally owns about 15% (168,000 shares) of Seeburg's outstanding stock, and together their families control perhaps 45%. Coleman and Siegel have already given Seeburg hearty shots in the arm by introducing stereo jukeboxes, getting into the profitable cigarette vending business, giving new financial backing to Seeburg dealers. In the 1958 fiscal year ending this month, they expect Seeburg to earn only about 50¢ a share, owing mainly to the cost of scrapping unprofitable old products. Next year, with enough stereo orders already to run at full production well beyond the current quarter, they expect Seeburg to triple earnings.



He's not dishonest—or doing anything illegal. But present federal laws give him and many other people an unfair tax advantage over you and most Americans.

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About 23 cents out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But under present tax laws, several million families and businesses escape paying most of the taxes in their electric bills that you pay in yours. They are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems. Unlike you, these people pay no federal taxes at all and little or no state or local taxes in their electric bills.

What's more, the taxes they escape have to be made up by other people—including you!

Most Americans believe everyone should pay his own fair share of taxes. How do you feel about it?

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES* *Company names on request through this magazine

TIME, OCTOBER 27, 1958

BOOKS

The Quiet Englishman

Our Man in Havana (247 pp.)—Graham Greene—Viking (\$3.50).

The only thing a Graham Greene hero can be sure of is that, morally speaking, he will not get something for nothing. In such superb serious novels as The Power and the Glory and The Heart of the Matter, sin leads the man up to the brink of damnation, but there the moral bargain is struck, and in exchange for inner pain and



NoveList Greene A sinful vacuum-cleaner salesman.

penance be gets at least a peek at the way to salvation. Greene likes to separate these serious novels from the lighter ones, which he calls "entertainments." In these (This Gan for Bire, The Ministry of Fear) the action does not so obviously develop action does not so obviously develop not even know that they need a salvation, but they go through the moral wringer just the same, and pay in some way for every foray against human conscience.

In this latest Greene entertainment, the hero gets away with more than usual. He is Mr. Wormold, a middle-aged Englishman who has for years been the Havana representative of Phastkleaners, a vacuumcleaner company. Just now he is pushing their new Atomic Pile Cleaner, and business is slow. Like many a Greene male, Wormold is physically unimpressive. He limps. His beautiful wife ran away with an American years before, leaving him with a beautiful daughter now 16. Without religious props himself, he is bringing up Milly as a strict Catholic just as he had promised her mother he would. He has almost no money. Nothing really matters to him except Milly's future.

And yet, as Author Greene sees it, he is just the kind of man the British Secret Service needs in Havana. The proposition is first put to him in the men's washroom at Sloppy Joe's bar. A worddy friend advises him to take the money and send in false reports, Wormold, who feels he could never be a real secret agent, accepts the advantage of the secret sends and a send of the most of the secret sends and a send of a deviliab weapon being developed in a rebel province of Cuba.

But evil, preaches Greene (as he did in is anti-U.S. novel, The Ouder American), can be caused by the relatively innocent. Wormfold's phony reports touch off a vicious series of reprisals from sources never quite labeled. The enemy kill and hound real people whom they suspect as Wormold's agents. He is himself abused by businessman's lunch. The deadly joke reaches back to London, where the big boys recognize their mistake but do not dare admit it. The end is heavily ironic.

The chill of lurking dread is no longer so chilly, the pace no longer so breathless as in Greene's earlier thrillers. He cannot resist slipping in a cruel, pointless caricature of a dumb U.S. businessman, or an unlikely seene in a top-secret conference, at which Wormold's secretary sprays the green baize with Greene bitterness. Such but they cannot really spoil the unique formula of suspense plus sin.

It Tolls, but for Whom?

THE BELL (342 pp.)—Iris Murdoch-Viking (\$4.50).

This is conceivably the only novel ever written in which a boy tries to seduce gift in a recumbent church bell. The gift in a recumbent church bell. The tries was the clapper gives at a title that is because the clapper gives at a title that is because the clapper gives at a title gift of the will come as no surprise to fans of British Novelist Iris Murdoch (The Sondacattle), a philosophy-teaching Oxford don and an intellectual pix whose wit ends in tears, whose sentences are transparent while her meanings are opaque.

The setting of The Bell is a lay community of semi-contemplatives, a kind of British Brook Farm attached to Imbre Abbey, which houses an order of enclosed Anglican nuns. Imber is made up of a rather odd parcel of stuffed hurishrist. They include the son of an old militury and the semi-contemplation of Empire, a mouse and the last outpost of Empire, a mouse and the last outpost of Empire, a mouse and the mathemated advertise came a saintly the colony's leader, Michael Mende, a tense scoutmaster type who flounders in the hell of his homosexual impulses.

The colonists are joined by a group of visitors no less strange: a Byronic Oxford lad, a hopeless lush, a flighty wife named Dora, and her Prussianesque art-scholar husband. In a series of plot maneuvers as complicated as a gavotte. Author Murdoch sees to it that the insiders and the outsiders mix, mate and mangle each oth-

er. A lengthy subplot centers on the discovery and raising of the ancient abbey bell, legendarily consigned to the bottom of the lake as a result of a curse on an errant nun. The bell, of course, is a symbol for that clear-ringing innocence of which the colonists are self-deprived.

Author Murdoch mitigaties the sordid in her story with a flow of wit that is civilized, unobtrusive and sometimes lethal. The novel achieves distinction in a series of brief sermons and reflections on the nature of God and the good that ought to make many an orthodox pulpitpounding clergyman blush in envy. Yet the meaning of The Bell is muffled in final



NoveList Murdoch
A saintly Good-Humored girl.

ambiguity, as the colony goes under in a tidal wave of newspaper scandal. With its strange but oddly exciting characters, its limpid prose, its sly wit and its ethical insight, The Bell unquestionably tolls, but it is never clear for whom and for what.

Tract in Black & White

THE LONG DREAM (384 pp.)—Richard Wright—Doubleday (\$3.95).

From his first (1938) book of long short stories to his latest novel, Richard Wright has given proof that nager can sometimes command more attention than art. He has one string to his bow: the man's world. His writing is graceless, and he uses it with the subdlety of alynching. It is doubtful for just how many of his fellow Negroes he speaks. But it is impossible to read him without sharing his indignation.

In his autobiographical Black Boy (Time, March 5, 1945), Author Wright described how, from a horrible childhood in the South, he fled first to Chicago, then New York, finally to Paris.* He

* Where he now lives with his white wife, Ellen, and two daughters.

Root crops flourish where a river runs north

In all the United States there is just one major river that flows north. This is the Red River of the North, forming the boundary between North Dakota and Minnesota,

The Red River Valley boasts an incredibly fertile soil and is blessed with adequate rainfall. The valley's soil and climate are ideal for root crops-potatoes, sugar beets and onions.

The entire Red River Valley, with its prosperous farms, busy food plants and thriving commercial enterprises is served by an effective network of Great Northern Railway lines. It's our job to move these bounteous root crops speedily and economically to market. To do this requires specialized shipping "know-how"—developed by our agricultural transportation experts.

Do you have a shipping problem that needs expert attention and analysis? Why not share it with us? Write or call W. E. Nicholson, General Freight Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

Industrial and commercial opportunities await progressive business men in the Red River Valley. And sites for plants or warehouses are available for lease or sale. For information, refer to E. N. Duncan, Director, Industrial and Agricultural Development Department, Great Northern Railway, Saint Paul 1, Minnesota.

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Streamlined Passenger Service, Daily Each Way Between Grand Forks and Fargo, North Dakota, and the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

TIME, OCTOBER 27, 1958 05



Author Wright
As subtle as a lynching.

was an easy mark for the Communists but eventually saw through them and earned their lasting enmity. In The Long Dream the Mississippi Negro boy is called Rex "Fishbelly" Tucker, but so far as the story's essentials are concerned. his name might be Richard Wright, Fishbelly's father, an undertaker, once taught him an important truth as he buried the mutilated body of a young Negro who had accepted the sexual invitation of a white woman. Said Tyree Tucker: "One more black dream dead . . . a dream that can't come true." As Fishbelly sees it. growing up in the black belt of a small Mississippi city, every black man can dream, but the white world will see to it that the dream becomes a nightmare. Fish despises his own father for whining and debasing himself when he talks to whites, for becoming rich by running a string of brothels as a sideline, He has also, as undertaker, patched up dead black bodies beaten up by the police and made himself the indispensable Negro contact in the black belt. Gradually Fishbelly sees that the old man is using the white authorities as surely as they are using him. The alliance disgusts him, and when the whole nasty business blows up. Tyree is ruthlessly killed by the police, and Fishbelly spends two years in prison on a trumped-up rape charge. Freed but still fearful, he flees to Paris. Within the bare outlines of this sordid

story. Author Wright hammers away at the brutality, based on fear and hatred, that the white world visits on the Negro. By this time, even Expatriate Wright should know that his picture is too crude-by black and white: he writes as if nothing had changed since he gree up of Mississippi. But there is still so much doubt the still so much be still as the still so much world with the still so were still so much world with the still so were still so were still so much world with the still so were sti

Heartbreak House

THE RAINBOW COMES AND GOES [27] pp.]—Diana Cooper—Houghton Mifflin (\$5].

It is something to have had for a grandfather a duke who, after ringing a gold bell, was able to order his groom of the chambers: "Perfection round at a quarter before three, if you please." Perfection was only a horse, but in Belvoir Castle, it might have seemed to young Diana Manners that the Seventh Duke of Rutland had only to ring his little gold bell to summon up perfection itself. Now 66 and the widow of gallant, talented Captain Alfred Duff Cooper, D.S.O., onetime First Lord of the Admiralty, Diana has written a story that might have been just another garrulous memoir in which an old lady shows her medals except for the familiarity with which she evokes the world of the pre-1914 British aristocracy, It was the era that G. B. Shaw in one of his plays dubbed Heartbreak House,

This is really a two-part book, a fairy tale with corpses, Lady Diana Duff Cooper is able to evoke a world as fragile and opulent as an Edwardian conservatory filled with orchids, and still face the time when the glass broke in 1914 and the killing four-year frost came in. Her personal story is romantic enough to make Ouida-lady laureate of the plush paradise-blush for modesty. It is offset by the tough self-knowledge of an aristocracy that called a pretty fast tune but was prepared to pay a stiff price for the piper. One-fourth of the book is occupied by the war diaries and letters of Alfred Duff Cooper, an infantry officer in France. After censoring a letter home from a soldier, he recorded that the man had written: "A lot of ships were needed to bring the British Army to France, Only two will be wanted to take it back, one for the men and the other for the identity

disks," Noted Duff Cooper: "So good." Rich Pixies, Before her rich and talented friends went, like Poet Rupert Brooke himself, "rose-crowned into the darkness," life was a fabulous affair for little Lady Diana Manners. She spent part of her childhood in the "celestial light" of Bedfordshire, where "the clouds cast no shadows," and at her grandfather's Belvoir Castle. The plumbing there was not much, but there were "water-men" to bring hot and cold water along miles of corridors, watchmen to pace the battlements by night, and a "gong man," who served as a perambulating clock. There was even an ancient serving-maid who was born before the Battle of Waterloo. (She was always shown to visitors.)

Lady Diana's childhood was clouded by nothing worse than a unfortunate German governess, muscular trouble (treated with galvanism), and a feeling that she was not so pretty as her sisters. Actually, she grew up to be the most celebrated beauty of London society, later impressed the U.S. public by her appearances as the Virgin and as the Nun in Max Reinhardt's 1924 production of The Miracle. She was spared the rigors of a formal education, and to this day claims that her spelling is so phonetic that when she has a cold she writes Bs for Ms. Her father, the Eighth Duke, seems to have been a duil doe, But this was England of two generations ago, and when a duke spoke, people and the spelling of the

In rich, philistine Edwardian society, the Manners family was an island of liberal, slightly wacky culture, Mother patronized that daring new thing, the Russian Ballet, and was a talented artist. Once Queen Victoria posed for her briefly. (The duchess had to finish the sketch by rigging out a servant in a pudding-basin and mantilla.) Diana's sister-in-law took some pigs up in an airplane to prove that they could fly. Once in Venice the rich young pixies were visited by an old family friend, dressed him up as a doge and danced around him to celebrate his birthday. He was Herbert Asquith, Prime Minister of England. This seeing-eve doge was soon to help lead a blind generation into war.

Holoed Bond. Reading the roll of long-dead parties, and seeing the photographs of her long-dead suitors (each marked by a common quality of good looks, bravery and a certain vulnerability), it is impossible not to believe that the 'haloed band' did not sense what if the 'haloed band' did not sense what if was a suit of the common suitor of the common series of the common suitor of the



DIANA MANNERS IN "THE MIRACLE" Parties, pigs and Perfection.

OUT

Pope's requiem

Some of the most unusual color photographs ever to be published in LIFE show you the funeral in Rome last week of Pope Pius XII. Taken just eight days ago, they capture the pomp and splendor of the centuriesold mourning ceremonies.



TODAY

Moon shoot

You'll visit Cape Canaveral and Los Angeles for a revealing report, in photo and text, on last week's moon rocket and learn why the U.S. failure to shoot a satellite into orbit around the moon was really a resounding scientific success.



in the

Montgomery's memoirs

In the climactic chapter of his outspoken memoirs, Field Mar-shal Montgomery describes the bitter Allied controversy following the Battle of the Bulge, gives his blunt opinion of Eisenhower as a soldier, and lists changes he thinks are needed in NATO.



NEW

Look of happiness

In 10 pages of magnificent color photographs that will stir forgotten memories in every reader, LIFE Photographer Nina Leen artfully captures on film those simple things and poignant moments in everyday life that spell true happiness for most people.



issue of



Cattleman

Salesman





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later consoled herself that he probably would have been the first to be killed in the war. It was a scene for the historian one a novelist would hardly dare to invent.

It may not have been an innocent world that perished in 1914, but on Lady Diana's showing it might be said that true innocents inhabited it. Perfection would never again be waiting at the castle gate.

Pluck & Poignancy

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE (310 pp.)—Nevil Shute—Morrow (\$3.95).

There are two kinds of authors—those who write better than they plot and those who plot better than they write. With his zand novel, Veteran Nevil Shute again proves himself one of the best practition—res of Group . Shute's surfied system is to take some typical or moving theme—nuclear fallout in On the Beach, race prejudical properties of the properti

Author Shute, 59, who was an aeronautical engineer and military pilot, this time returns to his first love, flying, His Canadian-born hero, Johnny Pascoe, has been barnstorming the world since 1915 and, now in his 60s, operates a small arifield at a mercy mission to rescue a child stricken with appendicist. Pascoe crashes on a barren stretch of the Tasmanian coast, His skull is fractured, and he is tended only by the child's distraught mother, but this friends raily round. Chief of these is doctor through rough weather, over mountains and along the unmapped coast.

Clarke's first attempt fails (nothing comes easy to a Shute hero), and he returns exhausted to Pascoe's house in Buxton, broods over Pascoe's mementos. stumbles to Pascoe's bed in Pascoe's pajamas. He dreams and, through a not-tooconvincing display of Shute magic, becomes transformed into the Johnny Pascoe of World War I: an ace in the air, a hellion on the ground, the lover and husband of Dancer Judy Lester. Clarke's next dream carries him, as Johnny Pascoe, through the years between the wars, disillusionment and divorce from Judy, and love and tragedy with Brenda Marshall, a heroine as high-minded as himself. The third dream sweeps Johnny on to fulfillment as the senior pilot of Aus-Can Airline and to the faintest hint of incest as, all unknowing, he falls in love with his own daughter. But sex in a Shute novel is so aseptic that this episode could scarcely offend an encampment of campfire girls. With the dreams out of the way, Ron-

nie Clark can get on with his rescue mission. Question, not answered till the final pages: Will he arrive in time? As always, Shute writes in plain, unadorned prose, packs his book with pluck and poignancy, and handles his flashbacks as easily as he would a basic trainer.



"I discovered dry rum on the rocks in Puerto Rico and brought the idea back to my New York friends."

"I'd tasted rum before," Arthur Morgan III of New York reports, "but I'd never tasted the dry rum of Puerto Rico, What a difference. Imagine drinking rum on the rocks. It's delicious. Bright and clear and brilliant.

"When I got back to New York, I alerted some friends to come and taste this remarkable stuff. Now everybody's drinking it.

"Rum tastes good in so many different drinks. A tall rum collins if you are in a leisurely mood, Rum and tonic if you're thirsty. The daiquiri-for a memorable evening.

"Rum sours. Rum highballs. Rum punches. There is a rum drink to fit every mood. And every taste."

Rum on the rocks recipe: 11/2 oz. Puerto Rican rum (white or gold) over ice in an old-fashioned glass. Add lemon twist if desired. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. T-5, Rum on the rocks-666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 19.





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Leaders in Industry rely on Shell Industrial Products



TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

From Hollywood

Damn Yankees. A devilishly good Hollywood remake of the Broadway musical about baseball and Beelzebub, with Dancer Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston.

re Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston.

Me and the Colonel. Danny Kaye's
warmest and very nearly funniest movie,
about a gentle, ingenious refugee escaping
one jump ahead (and occasionally one
jump behind) the Nazi invasion of France.

The Defant Ones. Two escaped con-

The Defiant Ones. Two escaped convicts (Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier) loathe each other, but since they are bound together at the wrist by a chain, they eventually learn a brutal, moving lesson about brotherhood.

The Reluctant Debutante. Rex Harrison and Wife Kay Kendall romping through Mayfair, as pixy a pair as ever made pix.

From Abroad

Pather Panchali (Indian). A radiantly beautiful and entirely natural tragedy of a Brahman family hard put to make ends meet, leavened by an energy for life and some marvelously funny side glances.

The Case of Dr. Laurent (French). A baby is born on-camera in the final scene, but far earlier than that, Jean Gabin, as a kindly rural doctor, and Nicole Courcel, as his first natural-childbirth convert, have given the film warm, memorable appeal.

TELEVISION

Wed., Oct. 22

Pursuit (CBS, 8-9 p.m.).* A new dramatic show founded on the premise that, given enough time, everyone will come to hate everyone. In the première, Macdonald Carey is a vengeance-bent detective trying to gum up Sal Minco, who crippled Carey's son in a sidewalk set-to.

Thurs., Oct. 23

Playnouse 90 (CBS, 9:30-11 p.in.). One of TV's best dramatic programs dispatches Edward G. Robinson, cast as a retired toy tycoon, to a small Vermont town, where the neighbors are right persnickety; with Ray (Damn Yankees) Walston and Beatrice Straight.

Sun., Oct. 26

United Nations Day Concert (CBS, 11 am. 12:30 pm.). In a taped recording of a U.N. Day ceremony held two days earlier, Charles Munch conducts the Boston Symphony in Honeger's Fifth Symphony; legendary Cellist Pablo Casals joins Mieczysław Horszowski in Bach's Sonata No. 2 in D Major for Cello and Piano.
File 7 (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-noon). A double-gaited educational hoss that runs like

ble-gaited educational hoss that runs like a critter out of the Encyclopaedia Britannica by Confidential. The subject is Edgar Allan Poe—not his poetry and prose, but

* All times E.D.T. through Oct. 25; E.S.T. thereafter.



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	sometimes vivid, sometimes merely facile. Two for the Seesaw. Uneven but amusing and touching two-character tale of a split-level, ghost-ridden love affair.
The Wiremold Company, Hartford 10, Conn.	On Tour
Send FREE folder on Plugmold for New homes Home rewiring Commercial, industrial	Auntie Mame, who uproariously es- caped from Author Patrick Dennis' booby hatch of a book, has descended on Texas (Sylvia Sydney), CHICAGO (Constance
NAME	Bennett), SAN FRANCISCO (Eve Arden). My Fair Lady once again proves tri-
COMPANY (if comm'l or ind'l type Plugmold is checked)	umphantly that Shaw can be transplant- ed to musicomedy land, and Ascot to
STREET	CHICAGO.
CITY STATE TS	Look Back in Anger. That notorious Angry Young Man, John Osborne, this

his alcoholism and drug addiction. Professor-Author (The Histrionic Mr. Poe) N.

Sof-Author (the Histrionic Mr. Foe) N.
Bryllion Fagin conducts the inquest.
Bishop Pike (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.).
Dean James Pike, Episcopal Bishop of
California, in the first of an informal series of chats; the opening show's guest is Pediatrician Dr. Benjamin Spock, a

bible writer in his own right. Omnibus (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). The program that symbolizes TV's search for dignity opens its sixth season with Boston Lawyer Joseph N. Welch probing capital punishment; Alistair Cooke still provides

The Steve Allen Show (NBC, 8-9 p.m.) Host Allen is as Steverino as ever, especially side by side with the well-tempered clavichord of Daverino (Brubeck) and the clever chords of Peterino (Ustinov).

Mon., Oct. 27

Shirley Temple's Storybook (NBC, 8-9 p.m.), Carol Lynley has the dickens pulled out of her long golden braids when her Prince Charming uses them as a rope ladder to her tower prison. Agnes Moorehead is the devil's advocate in this stab at Rapunzel by the Grimms.

Tues., Oct. 28 Du Pont Show of the Month (CBS, 7:30-9 p.m.). A hot new property, The Count of Monte Cristo, bursts upon an unsuspecting world with Hurd Hatfield as Edmond and Douglas Campbell as Danglars; Director Sidney Lumet (Twelve

Angry Men) gives his all. George Burns Show (NBC, 9-9:30 p.m.). TV Actor Burns takes the safe way out and plays a TV producer in a situation comedy with son Ronnie but-for the first time in years-without Gracie.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Touch of the Poet. Eugene O'Neill's giant strength and giant sprawl, in a longago tale of a boozing innkeeper-wellplayed by Eric Portman—and his shattered pose of being a fine gentleman. With Helen Hayes, Kim Stanley.

The Music Man. Robert Preston bril-

liant in Meredith Willson's one-man musicomedy job that has all the jubilant oldtime energy of a small-town jamboree.

My Fair Lady. Still worth fighting to

get into, whether for the first or second The Visit. The Lunts in a fascinatingly

acrid continental theater piece concerned with a rich woman's vengeful hate and a community that succumbs to greed. The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. Wil-

liam Inge's family chronicle, alternat-ing parlor comedy with dark tensions; etimes vivid, sometimes merely facile, Two for the Seesaw. Uneven but amusing and touching two-character tale of a split-level, ghost-ridden love affair.

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TIME, OCTOBER 27, 1958 103



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BOOKS

Best Reading

Child of Our Time, by Michel del Castillo. An epic account of a heart-rending childhood endured and ultimately ennobled in the concentration camps of Europe. The Klondike Fever, by Pierre Berton. Glittering nuggets from the gold rush.

95 Poems, by e. e. cummings. The typographical playboy of U.S. poetry uncorks some champagne music that is lyrical, efferyescent and young in heart

effervescent, and young in heart.

In Flanders Fields, by Leon Wolff. An absorbing, grim reappraisal of one of history's bloodiest campaigns.

The Housebreaker of Shady Hill, by John Cheever. A master of the short story looks at some cracked-picture-window lives in upper suburbia.

The Secret, by Alba de Céspedes. A sensitive glimpse into the soul of a middle-aged Italian woman, whose problems and dreams do not appear so very different from those of her American sisters.

Women and Thomas Harrow, by John P. Marquand. Once again beyond the Point of No Return, this time on a lifelong journey between Broadway and New Fneland.

A World of Strangers, by Nadine Gordiner. South Africa's best novelist probes the fate of a middle-of-the-roader trapped in the pitless struggle of white v. black. Dr. Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak. Russia's greatest living poet affirms in Russia's greatest novel since the Revolution that not even Communism can destroy his people's hopes and humanity.

Lolita, by Vladimir Nabokov. A brilliantly written novel, lyrical, hilarious and horrifying, about a middle-aging émigré's love for a "nymphet," with highly ironic variations on the theme of American innocence and European corruption.

Best Sellers

FICTION

Lolita, Nabokov (1)
 Around the World with Auntie Mame,
 Dennis (2)

3. Doctor Zhivago, Pasternak (3)

4. Anatomy of a Murder, Traver (4)
5. Women and Thomas Harrow,
Marquand (5)

6. The Enemy Camp, Weidman (7) 7. The Best of Everything, Jaffe (6) 8. The Ugly American,

Lederer and Burdick

9. The King Must Die, Renault (10)

10. The Bramble Bush, Mergendahl (9)

NON-FICTION 1. Only in America, Golden (2)

2. Aku-Aku, Heyerdahl (1)

Baa Baa Black Sheep, Boyington (3)
 The Affluent Society, Galbraith (6)
 Inside Russia Today, Gunther (4)

6. On My Own, Roosevelt (7)
7. Kids Say the Darndest Things!,
Linkletter (5)

8. The Insolent Chariots, Keats (9) 9. The New Testament in Modern English, translated by Phillips 10. More in Sorrow, Gibbs

> (Numbers in parentheses indicate last week's position.)



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